THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for April 15, 1930

Articles

THIS YEAR OF PANIC. . . . . *Lucien Laurat* 200
FROM LONDON TO LANCASHIRE. . . . . *Two British Correspondents* 204
MORE FRENCH INFLATION . . . . . *Dr. Leo Stahl* 212
SPAIN AND ITS SOVEREIGN . . . . . *Salvador de Madariaga* 216
CHIMNEYS OF ESSEN . . . . . *Erik Reger* 224
PROHIBITION AS I SAW IT. . . . . *Frank H. Shaw* 229
BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU. . . . . *Maurice Muret* 239
ADVENTURE IN ARCADIA. . . . . *Franz Spunda* 244

Departments

THE WORLD OVER. 193
LETTERS AND THE ARTS. 221
AS OTHERS SEE US. 253
WAR AND PEACE. 256
BOOKS ABROAD . . . . . *Front Advertiser*
THE GUIDE POST. . . . . *Front Advertiser*

THE LIVING AGE. Published semi-monthly, on the first and the fifteenth of each month. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 25c a copy. $6.00 a year. Foreign postage, except Canada, $1.00. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879
Copyright, 1930, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

'L'Italia' al Polo Nordo. *By Umberto Nobile. Milan: A. Mondadori. 1930. 40 lire.*

(*Times Literary Supplement*, London)

This profusely illustrated book contains Dr. Nobile's own account of his expedition in the dirigible, *Italia*, which, starting from King's Bay in Spitsbergen in May, 1928, was wrecked on the pack as it returned from a completely successful flight to the North Pole. The early part of the book is occupied with a full description of the inception, aims, preparation, and equipment of the expedition, and with the experiences at King's Bay, from which a preliminary exploration flight to Franz Josef Land was carried out. The main interest, however, lies in Dr. Nobile's story of the disaster, of the life of the survivors on the pack and their eventual rescue, though at the cost of several lives. The painful events and the still more painful discussions aroused by them must still be fresh in men's memories; we think it likely that, though the author in his preface disclaims all wish to be polemical, this book will revive old sorenesses, perhaps unavoidably. It is therefore only just, at the outset, to remember that this, a scientific expedition very carefully prepared, had attained its aims when a dire misfortune, still unexplained, overtook it. Its leader is justified in claiming that its members had 'secured for Italy . . . a primacy that cannot be extinguished.'

The bare facts of the disaster are the following. The *Italia*, on her return from the Pole, had to battle against a furious head wind which lessened her speed and threw her out of her course. For some unexplained reason, on May 25th she suddenly began to fall quickly. In spite of all appropriate action, she continued to fall and landed heavily on the pack ice. The leader, whose leg and arm were fractured, and eight others, one of whom also suffered a compound fracture of the leg, were thrown out. Another man was killed. With the remainder of its occupants the *Italia* rose, disappeared, and was never heard of again. The wrecked survivors were Dr. Nobile, Malmgren, and Běhounek, scientists; Naval Captains Mariano and Zappi; Naval Lieutenant Viglieri; Engineer Trajani; Ceccioni, chief mechanic; and Biagi, radio telegraphist. On the first shock Dr. Nobile felt that he had but a few hours to live, and all thought they were lost. Luckily, things were not so bad. Various packets of provisions, tins of petrol, and other articles had fallen out with the men, best of all a waterproof bag containing all necessaries for two or three people in case of an accident, especially a little tent and the portable wireless set. The food, the tent, and the wireless were the means by which eventually all but Malmgren were saved. Incidentally, the killing of a polar bear by Malmgren enabled them to support life for the three weeks that elapsed before any food reached them. For some days their radio messages were unheard, and in the meantime the more active members of the group decided that a party must attempt to reach the coast on foot. After long and obviously painful arguments Captains Mariano and Zappi, taking with them Malmgren, as the only expert on ice, set off. The two Italians were eventually rescued by the ice-breaker, *Krassin*, on July 11th, after suffering incredible hardships. They had abandoned Malmgren on June 14th at his own request. The rest remained in the little tent. On June 8th they at last got into wireless communication with the outside world, particularly with the ship *Città di Milano*, which was supporting the expedition. Aëroplanes arrived and dropped provisions. Then the Swede, Lundborg, landed in an aëroplane, and insisted on taking away Dr. Nobile, on the ground that his presence on board the *Città di Milano* was necessary to organize the remainder of the rescue. Lundborg intended to return at once and bring off the rest. He returned, but his aëroplane capsized. He therefore was a prisoner till rescued by another Swede in a Moth aëroplane. Meanwhile, Amundsen, Guilbaud, and the Russian aviator, Babriskin, had lost their lives, the *Krassin* was fast in ice, and no member of the *Italia* but the leader had been rescued. To make matters worse, a magnetic storm on July 7th interfered with all wireless communication. Yet, when things were at their blackest, the *Krassin* magnifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

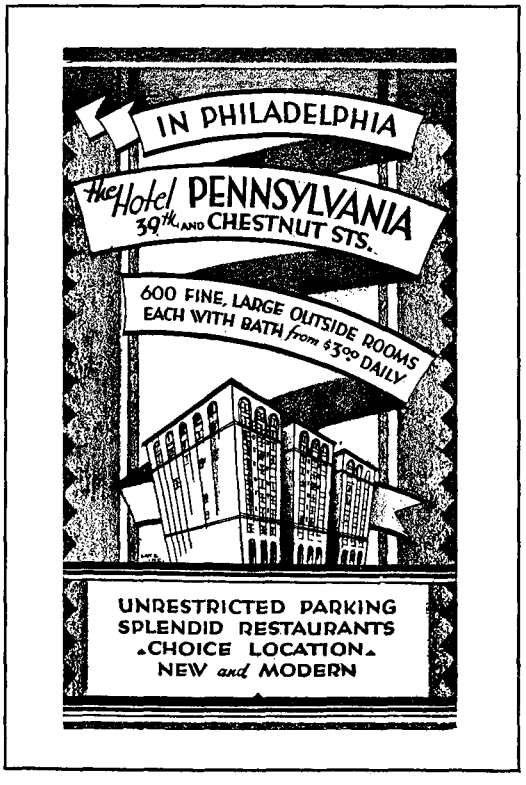
cently broke through and rescued all the survivors on the same day.

Dr. Nobile states that before the departure of Mariano and Zappi relations in the tent became very strained; that he considers the negligence of those in the *Città di Milano* wholly responsible for the long delay in getting wireless communication; and that, after he had been brought off, the commander of the *Città di Milano* obstructed him in the work of organizing rescue. His observations on the conduct of Mariano and Zappi conclude with the statement that, on Mariano's requesting that they should be recommended for gold medals, he refused. The one brightness that shines with extreme beauty in this very painful record is the figure of Malmgren, who, on his leader's own evidence, never thought of himself. He is the kind of man who commends himself to the countrymen of Scott and Oates; and to Scott's countrymen also it will be apparent that Dr. Nobile has not the unmistakable style of a leader, as certain passages in this book rather deplorably show.

RUSSIA YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. *By Dr. E. J. Dillon. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1930. 16 shillings.*

(*Manchester Guardian*)

Dr. Dillon has a more intimate knowledge of all the strata of pre-War Russia than can be claimed by any other living Englishman. He was in Russia at the time of the war with Turkey in 1877, graduated in two Russian universities, edited a Russian newspaper, and was for a long time correspondent in Russia for the *Daily Telegraph*. He left Russia in 1914, was deprived by the Revolution of the savings he had left there, and returned in 1928 to see what this new Russia was like that had replaced the country he had known. The result of that visit is this suggestive and extraordinarily interesting book. He says, like so many others, that he has tried to be impartial, but even the Bolsheviks, who are hurt by the faint praise of their visitors much more than by the damning criticism to which they treat themselves, will, we should imagine, be surprised at the extent to which he has succeeded. Never does the reader feel that Dr. Dillon is anxious to please readers of any particular political color. He is not prevented, for example, by a dislike of the monopoly of foreign trade from admiring the enormous development of physical culture among the young. His pleasure at the sale in Russia of 10,000 copies of a scientific work by Professor Pavlov does not prevent him from recognizing that in many ways education in Russia is less rather than more efficient than formerly. In the face of all that he sees he asks himself two questions: How does it differ from what there was in the old Russia, and is it better or worse? His stay in Russia was cut short by illness, but he had time to see a great deal. Much of what he saw amused him, much saddened him, but he was left at the end with a profound respect for the 'vast world-cathartic agency' which he recognized in Bolshevism. 'The problem that confronted the triumphant revolutionists was unique in the world's history, and the means of solving it were utterly inadequate.' 'The Bolshevists have accomplished much of what they aimed at, and more than seemed attainable by any human organization under the adverse conditions with which they had to cope.'



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

TO PROPHESY DISASTER is one of the recognized functions of the radical, and Lucien Laurat, a regular contributor to *Le Progrès Civique*, traces the dismal history of the business cycle back to the time of Napoleon. With thoroughly French logic he then proves to us in black and white that 1930 will witness a continued world-wide depression that may last for years and years.

Arthur W. Kiddy writes on British finance not only for the London press but also for the *New York Evening Post*. So experienced an observer hesitates to make any prophecies and his discussion of the banking rivalry between Wall Street and Lombard Street confines itself to a mere enumeration of the advantages and draw-backs of each competitor. His faith in the British cause may appear rather weak, but it is well to remember that his countrymen have never been given to overstatement or overconfidence.

MUCH more disturbing from the point of view of English prosperity is the condition of the Lancashire cotton mills. An industrial correspondent of the *New Statesman* who seems to be as expert as he is unbiased paints a dismal picture of decaying factories and distressed workers. Yet we cannot help feeling that the thing is a trifle overdrawn. A visit to the mill towns of Massachusetts is hardly a comforting experience and with American unemployment hovering somewhere in the neighborhood of the five-million mark, sympathy for England's million and a half jobless comes a little hard.

As Paris correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, Dr. Leo Stahl has had an opportunity to study French prosperity at first hand. He has discovered that too much gold is just as fatal to the price level as too little and that the huge reserves accumulated by the Bank of France have made living costs rise much faster than wages.

It was too much to expect that the collapse of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship would at once solve all the political problems of Spain. Conditions are now much the same as they were a year ago except that the republican movement has gained strength. Salvador de Madariaga, writing from England, depicts King Alfonso as the villain of the piece and describes the present position of the country from a liberal point of view that only can express itself abroad.

ERIK REGER'S description of the great industrial plant that has grown up around Essen gives a vivid picture of how millions of Germans actually live. To understand the progress of their country since the War it is essential to visualize the men who made this progress possible and though they seem to be a vigorous, docile lot, one cannot help wondering how long they will believe that what they are living is life.

With every self-constituted expert in the land passing judgment on Prohibition, it is highly salutary to read what an English dry has to say about our noble experiment. Mr. Shaw may have seen our alcoholic civilization at its worst here in New York and his acquaintances may appear even more rowdy than the average habitués of speakeasies, but his unmitigated disgust should counteract some of the complacent enthusiasm expressed by such holy men as Ford and Edison.

WE PRINTED in our September 1st issue Count Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau's undelivered speech attacking the Versailles Treaty. We now give a very unsympathetic view of the 'Red Count' written by a reactionary Frenchman who bases his study on a newly published biography. M. Muret is himself the author of a book called *The Twilight of the White Races* in which he warns Europe against the infiltration of Oriental ideas via Germany and Russia.

Franz Spunda is also a familiar figure to our readers. He described last fall a visit to Ithaca and now he tells what happened to him when he tried to penetrate the wilds of Arcadia to visit the temple of Apollo at Bassae.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

April 15, 1930 *Volume 338, Number 4360*

The World Over

PHILIP SNOWDEN'S BUDGET, for months a source of terror and dispute, is being revealed to an eager Parliament and public just as this issue of the magazine arrives in our readers' hands. Tory critics assert that the persistent secrecy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a secrecy that Winston Churchill also practised when he held the same office—has been responsible for the increased unemployment and the general distress of the nation's industries. Furthermore, Snowden's opposition to the MacKenna duties and his partiality to free trade have alarmed that growing body of Britishers who believe that their country's salvation demands still higher tariffs than those already levied under the name of safeguarding. Indeed, there is scarcely a single important economic problem that the budget dispute has not brought to the fore.

Nor is this all: political issues likewise are at stake. It has been freely prophesied that Mr. MacDonald will force a general election sometime in May, a time of the year when unemployment automatically grows less acute, and that he will take as his issues the economic implications of Mr. Snowden's budget, asking the country for a clear Parliamentary majority. One gathers that the Conservatives have been preparing for just such an attack. They have dropped their tactics of giving Labor plenty of rope in the expectation that it would hang itself and have gone over so far as they dare to advocating positive issues, notably higher tariffs and imperial preference. On the negative side

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they can point to Labor's failure to remedy unemployment and they are also likely to call attention to the danger of having a Socialist majority in control of Parliament.

Stanley Baldwin has already launched an attack on Labor's predilection for free trade and has endeavored to make the flesh of his hearers in the House of Commons creep by describing the terrible things that happen 'when the intellectuals get loose.' He said that the country is still 'hag-ridden by economic doctrine' and that 'bigoted free traders' suffer from a superiority complex more dangerous than one of inferiority. He asked the ministers whether they were satisfied with the position of the country in regard to foreign tariffs, coöperation with the dominions, rationalization, and the psychology of British industry. Each of these questions he associated definitely with the budget, each is primarily an economic matter, yet all are being turned to political uses. Whether or not a general election occurs in the course of the next six months, these issues are bound to dominate British politics for some time to come.

THE RAPID AND PARALLEL DECLINE of the discount rates of the Bank of England and of the New York Federal Reserve Bank reveals the improved technique that international financiers have developed since the War. Money, of course, does not alone determine the destiny of states, but when money is under control, at least one cog in the economic machine functions smoothly. Indeed, according to the London *Statist*, the 'monetary factor' is 'all pervading,' having first caused the rapid inflation of security values during 1929 and then having produced the present world-wide deflation of commodity prices and the widespread business depression. Here is the way this line of thought is developed:

> Central banking executives are no doubt well aware of the potency of the monetary factor, and this explains in part the readiness with which they have allowed money rates to slip away from the exceptionally high levels reached in the latter half of last year. There is an almost unanimous consensus of opinion in favor of the contention that the catastrophic fall in prices which began in the summer of 1920, and the protracted depression which went hand in hand with it, could have been mitigated by an immediate easing in the world monetary position. As it was, although prices in this country began their precipitate fall in April, 1920, it was not until twelve months later that the bank rate came down from 7 to 6½ per cent, and it was not until the middle of 1922 that the rate had been brought by successive ½ per cent steps to the really low figure of 3 per cent. Lack of effective coöperation between the central banks of the world was, no doubt, largely responsible for this tardiness in adjusting money rates to the changed economic conditions that had been brought about by the deflation in commodity prices. To-day this coöperation has not been lacking, and within about four months the Bank of England rate has fallen by successive steps from 6½ to 4 per cent. The forces of deflation are thus being countered more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effectively than in the great post-Armistice crisis. Central banks can proceed in their cheaper money policy, confident in the knowledge that they will not be playing a 'lone' hand, that their policy will not be exploited by other central banks bent primarily on the desire to accumulate more gold.

HAROLD J. LASKI, Professor of Political Science at the University of London and one of the brilliant younger men of the Labor Party, contributed to the *Daily Herald* a savage but significant sketch entitled 'The Decline of Lloyd George.' The subject possesses a perennial fascination, and since the little Liberal leader continues to control the balance of power in Parliament to the vast discomfiture of the two larger parties, Mr. Laski's concluding paragraphs seem eminently worth quoting:—

The British public is not an ungrateful master. It is slow to accept distrust for any man in the front rank of its politicians. But it likes to be convinced that those by whom it is governed are moved by great purposes and seek their service as the first condition of authority.

Long experience of Mr. Lloyd George has convinced it that he does not so serve great purposes.

He is the politician for the sake of politics, rather than for the ends of politics.

His delight is in manipulation rather than principle, in power rather than the achievement which power may attain.

What he says to-day is no index to what he may say to-morrow—and the speech of neither day seems to bear a clear relation to the action upon which he may embark.

Mr. MacDonald may lack his relentless energy, Mr. Baldwin his incomparable dexterity; but the British public feels that it knows, with each, where it is. For both have the saving virtue of sincerity, and to the modern electorate that is still the supreme test of a man's faith.

WHILE STANLEY BALDWIN was still in office he appointed a commission to examine the economic possibilities of a tunnel under the English Channel. The report of this commission has just been published and it urges that some private enterprise, half English and half French, spend about $25,000,000 digging a 'pilot' tunnel ten feet in diameter to be used eventually for drainage and ventilation purposes. Two independent traffic tunnels with a diameter of eighteen feet six inches each would then be excavated, but the smaller one would have to be completed first because it is the only way of discovering the geological formation of the Channel floor. As a remedy for unemployment the proposed venture possesses but little value; its real usefulness would lie in the stimulation it would provide to Franco-British trade and to tourist traffic. Only one member of Mr. Baldwin's commission—Lord Ebbisham—reported unfavorably. He feels that the military considerations outweigh the economic ones and prophesies that British agricul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture and shipping would suffer and that imports would increase more rapidly than exports as a result of the scheme. The *Manchester Guardian* replies to these objections as follows:—

> The protectionist and militarist mentalities go together, and Lord Ebbisham, although prohibited by the terms of reference from discussing the strategic aspects of the tunnel, does not hide his instinctive repugnance to a project which will end the insularity of England. The objection is, of course, psychological, not strategic. Practically there is no more in the argument that the tunnel would facilitate an invasion of England than there was in the Duke of Wellington's objection, on exactly the same ground, to the first railway between London and Portsmouth. England is no longer an island in the old sense. If there should ever be a recurrence of the old panic about French invasion—England suffered off and on from that fear for half a century after Napoleon was disposed of—it would scarcely be engendered by a Channel tunnel. When a squad of bombing aëroplanes could cross the Channel in fifteen minutes and be over London half an hour later, it would indeed be odd to worry about a single railway line which could, in any case, be destroyed by pressing an electric button. Even the fear that the Channel tunnel would breed fear seems illusory. The habit of closer intercourse with the French would grow. The committee's calculation is that if the tunnel were constructed there would be a great increase in the number of French visitors to England, and that the total of its passenger service in the year might soon amount to something over three millions. Invasion in these circumstances would surely tend to become a more and more remote consideration.

The same paper also attacks the commission's proposal to have the project privately financed. Unforeseen obstacles may arise and experience has proven, as in the case of the Suez Canal, that large-scale enterprises must eventually receive assistance from the state. Even granting that all goes well and that the pilot tunnel can be built for $25,000,000, the final stage, involving the expenditure of $100,000,000 more, represents a considerable speculation for any group of private individuals to undertake.

EXPERTS HAVE ESTABLISHED that the average French ministry enjoys a life of about nine or ten months, a period that would be greatly reduced, however, if one were to leave out of account a few comparatively hardy governments, like the one that Poincaré formed to save the franc. Since 1924, for instance, twelve ministries have been in office and M. Briand in the course of a long career has headed no less than thirteen governments. All of which goes to prove that M. Tardieu's second cabinet may collapse at any moment.

Two factors have helped to keep the present Premier in office—his own ability and the stubbornness of the Radical Party. Under Poincaré, a member of this powerful group, which stands between the Moderates and the Socialists, occupied the Ministry of the Interior, which gave his party control of the police, the prefects, and the whole machinery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of administration. They lost this position last fall, however, when M. Daladier refused to enter Briand's cabinet and tried, without success, to set up a government of his own. Camille Chautemps then assumed control of the group, but remained almost as adamant as his predecessor, and though he succeeded in overthrowing Tardieu he could not maintain himself in power. At this point he, too, fell out of favor and four of his disgusted followers accepted posts in Tardieu's second government. At the present moment, therefore, the Radicals find themselves in an awkward position. Differences of doctrine prevent them from working with the Socialists and their own stubbornness has stood in the way of any agreement with the Moderates. Could such an agreement be made—and it is a question of tactics rather than of principles—the days of the Tardieu Government would be numbered.

FOR SOME MONTHS PAST THE French Chamber of Deputies has been wrestling with a Social Insurance Act which M. Tardieu says will come into effect July first. The scheme is to apply to all wage-earners making less than $600 a year and it will make provisions for sickness, maternity, old age, death, and unemployment. Workers and employers contribute equally and the state will probably furnish at least twelve million dollars a year as well. Objections have been raised from many quarters. The employers protest that production costs will be raised to an impossible level and they also resent being assessed somewhere between 6 per cent and 10 per cent of the wages they pay while agriculturalists pay only 2 per cent. This favored treatment, however, is due to the fact that the farming population of France has declined steadily, having fallen from 76 per cent of the total population in 1846 to 30 per cent last year.

At the present time a partly voluntary pension scheme exists, but the new plan would put France on a level of equality with England and Germany with respect to state protection of the working population. The most frequent criticism of such protection has been that it would raise living costs, but Loucheur, former (at the time of writing) Minister of Labor points out that 'if Belgium, with far fewer resources, can make a success of social insurance, there is no doubt that France can do the same.' When Alsace and Lorraine were ruled by Germany they prospered under a similar measure and even found that state insurance, by raising the health and efficiency of the workers, proved of substantial benefit to the employers likewise.

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG'S SIGNATURE of the bill ratifying the Young Plan does not mean that Germany's worries are at an end,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and even though Schacht's resignation from the presidency of the Reichsbank produced no immediate crisis, it betrayed an anxious state of mind. The *New Statesman* of London analyzes the present position in Germany as follows:—

> Two factors contribute greatly to the uneasiness which is manifest everywhere in German life—the difficulties of the economic situation and the decline in public prestige of parliamentary government. The Reichstag and the politicians have fallen into discredit, and representative government is threatened both from the Left and from the Right. In spite of unflagging exhortations and support from Moscow, the Communists are probably less dangerous than the National Socialists, whose remarkable increase of strength during the past twelve months is an accurate reflection of the country's growing desire for direct action. Naturally, that desire is greatly stimulated by the genuine economic distress which afflicts Germany to-day, and mere acceptance of the Young Plan does not make its application more agreeable to the big business interests, whose actual power is probably much greater than their representation in Parliament suggests. It is difficult to be optimistic about the future. Hitherto a characteristic instinct for mass discipline has restrained the German from political adventures. This same instinct is also a safeguard for the future. Nevertheless, one thing is very obvious: sooner or later the Young Plan will break down. And, though the political repercussions of such a breakdown cannot be exactly foreseen, they are hardly likely to be quite peaceful.

GANDHI'S CAMPAIGN of civil disobedience in India has been enjoying the kind of publicity that an outstanding personality inevitably attracts. The critical moment in Indian affairs will not arrive, however, until the report of the Simon Commission is made public, and the present excitement finds its origin in the hostile attitude that certain financial and political circles in London have taken toward the Viceroy's ambiguous hints of dominion status. The hopes stimulated in India by these utterances and by the arrival in power of the Labor Party were shortly dashed by such outbursts as Lord Rothermere's popular slogan of 'No More Surrenders in India.' Gandhi has therefore struck while the iron is hot, but the state of mind that made him revolt is transitory and should not be taken any more seriously than his own extravagant personality.

A recent dispatch from Bombay describing a smallpox epidemic in Gandhi's seminary near Ahmadabad throws significant light on the character of that great leader. It seems that three children in the seminary had died but that the Mahatma's celebrated 'inner voice' told him that vaccination against smallpox is as irreligious as eating cows' flesh. He therefore addressed his followers with these words:—

> If I were to be frightened by these three deaths, of what use would my belief and faith in God be? In the impending fight, not three but thousands and hundreds of thousands may, perhaps, have to be sacrificed. If I were shaken by that, and stopped the fight, there would be no meaning in my faith in God. Why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should not I believe that God in giving me the vision of death so often in a few days might desire to make my heart harder and stronger, the better preparing it for the fight?

Yet in spite of these lofty sentiments, Gandhi's humanitarianism impelled him to tell several anxious parents who wanted to have their children vaccinated where that profane act could be accomplished.

OPPOSITION TO PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN constituted the outstanding feature of the March elections in the Argentine, where half the seats in the Lower Chamber were contested. So vigorous was this opposition that the conservative element, determined at all costs to rebuke the Government, voted for the Socialist candidates, since they were the only group that had attempted a vigorous and consistent criticism of Irigoyen's *Personalistas*. This curious state of affairs has two causes. For one thing, the *Personalistas* represented an even greater danger than the Socialists and, in the second place, the conservatives had no party organization of their own strong enough to win a success at the polls. *La Nación* of Buenos Aires offers the following comment:—

It seems incredible that a country as highly developed as the Argentine should not have permanent political bodies that correspond to the various inclinations of its citizens. The conservatives are not a limited circle of reactionaries of the exclusive, moneyed bourgeoisie. They are a numerous, compact class with common interests, whose influence should weigh heavily in the solution of national problems. In Europe and the United States this class governs, directly or indirectly; it is a factor of stability, and the left wing frequently collaborates with it. In this country, however, the conservatives have ceased to play an important rôle as a coördinated force. In short, the gravest defect of our present political system is a lack of parties with definite policies, and conservatives must therefore vote for the Socialists, since they have no other alternative.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Economists tell us that the whole world is on the eve of a long period of business depression. M. Laurat attacks the problem, pointing to previous prosperity cycles and proving that conditions will remain uneven for some time.

This Year of PANIC

By LUCIEN LAURAT

Translated from *Le Progrès Civique*
Paris Radical Weekly

IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE what many economists tell us, the year 1930 may well find us facing a crisis, an evil prophecy based chiefly on the fact that we are living in the year 1930 and not in 1929 or 1928. One may well retort that this is a droll way of announcing a crisis, but economists are neither soothsayers nor superstitious. Their fears have the most solid kind of foundation, a century of experience.

Since 1825 business crises have broken upon the civilized world at more or less regular intervals. The years 1836, 1847, 1857, 1866, 1873, 1881–1882, 1890–1891, and 1907 were all marked by such convulsions. A new crisis was brewing on the eve of the War and the last one, which occurred in 1920, still lingers in the memory of all of us. Long experience has taught us that crises occur with disconcerting regularity every seven to eleven years. The last crisis broke in 1920. We are now in 1930. The fatal hour is approaching.

Examining past crises at close range, we discover that a period existed when the regular rhythm of business cycles changed profoundly. From 1873 to 1896, a period of more than twenty years, periods of crises and prosperity obeyed a more irregular movement than usual. To be sure these twenty-three years witnessed several crises, all of them occurring at regular intervals. The crisis of 1881–82 followed the crisis of 1873, and the next one came to pass in 1890–91. Nevertheless, in going over these statistics we discover that this particular twenty-year period

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

differed markedly from the periods that preceded and followed it. Whereas the average period of rising prosperity lasted six years, and the crisis and depression two years, the statistics covering the period from 1873 to 1896 reveal that the cycle of improvement and prosperity lasted two years and was followed by a six-year period of stagnation.

Comparing business conditions in the big industrial nations of that time we also discover a certain lack of coincidence. Ordinarily advances and declines occur simultaneously in different countries, but from 1873 to 1896 the situation would improve in one country just as it was growing worse in another.

IT IS my insistent belief that the period between 1873 and 1896 resembles closely the present time. The years immediately following the War obviously do not lend themselves to serious comparison. A world shaken to its foundations could not recover its balance at once, and the 1920 crisis seems to be out of the usual series of crises and cannot be classified among them.

Since 1921–22, however, the march of affairs has come to resemble the movement that manifested itself from 1873 onward. In one respect only is a slight difference to be observed. Beginning with 1873 prices began to drop, and it was a steady drop that lasted for eighteen years, whereas ever since the War prices have tended to rise. On the other hand, many points of resemblance can be detected.

In the first place, we are witnessing a chronic state of depression in the big industrial countries. France alone has succeeded in avoiding depression to some extent, but her good fortune has been due to exceptionally favorable circumstances. Yet even so, our balance of trade at the present moment is arousing the anxiety of certain industrialists. During the first eleven months of 1929 our total imports increased twelve per cent, but while the imports of raw materials essential to our industry and to the food supply were only rising about one-tenth, our imports of manufactured goods increased more than 30 per cent over the corresponding period in 1928, an unmistakable indication of the growing importance of foreign industries in the French market. In England and Germany unemployment has become a permanent condition and it is a rare thing for factories to be producing their full output. In America, industrial activity had already fallen off when the Wall Street crash occurred and for some years past the United States has been suffering from extensive unemployment.

The same lack of coincidence between prosperity and depression in different countries is also evident at the present time and, indeed, is peculiarly characteristic of the present day. In 1921, and even more so in 1922, Germany's economic activity was at its height, thanks to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fall of the mark, while at the same time France and England were marking time. Later the fall of the franc gave French industry and commerce a new lease of life and brought depression to our neighbors. During the second half of 1926 French and German industries enjoyed a period of prosperity, due to the British general strike and to the strike of the British coal miners, which eliminated British competitors from world markets. In 1927 German production reached an even higher peak, for it was the period of rationalization. In France, on the other hand, the stabilization of the franc began to make itself felt, for the figures for 1927 were hardly better than those for 1926.

GIVEN the particular movement that business has followed in the various countries of the world for nearly ten years, one may well ask if these famous ten-year cycles remain the inexorable law of the present epoch. Between 1873 and 1896 crises occurred in 1881–82 and in 1890–91. These were general disturbances and almost simultaneous throughout the whole industrial world. They broke without relation to the irregular rhythm and the lack of coincidence between prosperity and depression in the individual countries. To-day, however, this irregularity is much more pronounced. The crisis no longer follows a period of depression, but occurs at the moment when prosperity has reached its height. The great industrial countries of Europe, with the exception of France, are in a state of economic atrophy. Of course the stagnation in England and Germany might become still worse, but it would not take the form of a real crisis characterized by a sudden collapse of the stock exchange. Before the former cycles can recur we must first go through a period of general revival, a simultaneous outburst of prosperity in all the industrial countries.

In 1896 the world emerged from a twenty-three-year period of stagnation and entered upon a sudden expansion into new territories. The opening of vast markets in Africa and Asia gave European industry work to do. Railway building, which had declined between 1880 and 1890, took a new lease on life. Naval and military armaments provided fresh stimuli to the heavy industries and to all similar forms of activity. Huge loans extended to backward countries created new demands that European industry and business hastened to satisfy. Thus the period of depression was surmounted, but the rise in prosperity only prepared the way for the crisis in 1900 and for a still more violent crisis seven years later.

The German economist, Werner Sombart, is not without reason, therefore, when he attributes crises to the exceptional periods of prosperity that precede them, and it only remains for us to discover whether we can look forward to a period of rising prosperity such as occurred at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of the last century. The big industrial countries are finding it more and more difficult to expand into new regions. China, which could easily absorb immense quantities of merchandise, will remain closed to foreign business as long as its domestic situation is not consolidated. Latin America unquestionably offers great possibilities but the United States is implanting itself more firmly there every day. Furthermore, China, like Latin America, is developing native industries. From 1921 to 1926 the number of cotton looms in China increased from 1,800,000 to 3,425,000, and in Brazil from 1,520,000 to 2,500,000.

In Oriental markets European business is steadily receding in the face of competition from new countries. Japanese industry, though suffering from the same depression that has assailed England and Germany, is displacing European goods. The Dutch textile industry has suffered gravely from Japanese competition, even in Dutch possessions. England is losing more and more of its Indian markets and Holland is losing ground in its island territories.

UNDER these conditions it seems difficult for Europe to emerge from her present state of stagnation by the same methods that led her to prosperity in 1896. Certain colonies can, of course, still assimilate considerable quantities of merchandise. In this respect, however, England occupies the most precarious position. Her colonies have already made considerable advance in the direction of industrialization and they are competing more and more successfully with the industries of the mother country. France, on the other hand, enjoys more favorable colonial prospects, yet during the first eleven months of 1929 our total export trade amounted to 45,676,000,000 francs, against 46,584,000,000 during the same period in 1928. In other words, our exports have declined 908,000,000 francs. But while our exports to foreign countries have declined during 1929 from 39,239,000,000 francs in 1928 to 37,305,000,000 in 1929 (a loss of 1,934,000,000 francs), the exports to our colonies have increased from 7,344,000,000 francs in 1928 to 8,371,000,000 in 1929. During the first eleven months of 1928 our exports to our colonies constituted 15.7 per cent of our total export trade, whereas in the same period in 1929 they constituted 18.3 per cent. The case of France, however, is an isolated one.

One is therefore constrained to admit that the return of those cycles of prosperity and crisis that used to occur and that depend on simultaneous advances throughout all producing countries is anything but imminent. Meanwhile we have no sudden crises to fear. A slowly increasing depression seems the most probable fate of certain countries, which will thus enable their competitors to enjoy brief and timid bursts of prosperity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will London yield its place to New York as the financial capital of the world as Lancashire has already succumbed to foreign competition as a great industrial centre? Here are two thoughtful studies of England's struggle for existence in the modern world.

From LONDON *to* LANCASHIRE

By Two British Correspondents

I. Is London Done?

By Arthur W. Kiddy

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THAT MANY OF OUR INDUSTRIES at the present time are suffering from keen foreign competition is generally recognized. Is there a prospect of our great industry of banking and finance suffering from similar competition? I think there is, though at the moment the conditions can, perhaps, best be described as chaotic and as marking a transition stage. There are, however, certain aspects of the situation which it may be well to note, even though for the moment it is difficult to determine their full force and significance. In this short article I can only suggest a few main points for consideration.

Before the War London was admittedly the leading financial centre of the world. The superiority of its banking system was universally recognized; it was the leading gold-standard country and free gold market of the world, while our surplus savings, plus our banking resources, appeared to be sufficient to finance our own requirements and those of other countries, our loans to which brought us, in return, a great deal of trade helping to swell our exports. The War, as we know, caused a complete upheaval of these conditions. Not only did the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general trade and economic balance change in favor of the United States, but the stores of gold accumulated by that country during the War and the years immediately following made it possible for the United States to be recognized as the leading monetary or lending centre, her claim, moreover, for some time being supported by the further fact that she was the only country really working on the gold standard. Moreover, for a brief period she further supported the claim by making large loans to other countries, and chiefly to Germany, while by the manner in which she held Europe to ransom in the matter of War debts she obtained a further strangle hold over the foreign exchanges, which increased, or should have increased, her position as a monetary centre. Not only so, but, other things being equal, her claim was in a sense further supported by the fact that Great Britain was no longer able to lend abroad to the same extent as before the War.

And yet, as we know, there was a sense in which America two years ago began to break down as a money centre. Such was the rise in her money rates following the great speculation in Wall Street that instead of being a lending nation she became a borrowing nation, capital flowing to New York from all parts of the world to take advantage of the high money rates. In other words, despite her great wealth and notwithstanding huge stores of gold, she required the aid of foreign capital to finance the position. Indeed, at this particular moment a great deal of the old bill-discounting and acceptance business came back to London, because money rates were easier at that centre.

TURNING aside for a moment from the American position, we shall find it interesting to glance at developments which have taken place in France. Less than three years ago, even banking experts in this country took an alarmist view of the French monetary position, believing that the flight from the franc might bring actual financial ruin to France, where the position had been aggravated, moreover, by a huge expansion of credit, insufficient taxation by the French Government, and a huge expansion in the French floating debt. Yet within a few months this extraordinary situation was solved by drastic action on the part of the Poincaré government in placing heavy taxation upon the people, in redeeming the floating debt, and, finally, in taking advantage of the depreciation in French currency occasioned by the flight from the franc by permanently devaluing the franc and leaving the authorities with unprecedentedly large French balances in foreign countries. By these means, France, if not actually becoming a money centre or a lending country, has secured a position which gives her enormous power over other foreign monetary centres by reason of the enormous balances which she is able to move at will from centre to centre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we turn to Germany we find quite an extraordinary and abnormal situation, and one which again largely centres upon a devalued currency. Germany, by wiping out the value of the pre-War mark, made it inevitable that she should borrow abroad, not merely to make her reparation payments, but to get the necessary capital whereby she could restart her industries. Other countries, and notably this country, France, and the United States, having determined that reparations were essential and that the financial resuscitation of Germany was also essential, for the past few years have been lending money to Germany to an extent which has moved the exchange sufficiently in her favor to give her a control from time to time over the gold supplies of other countries. Therefore, it may be said that for some two or three years this market has been more or less menaced by high money rates in New York, following the boom in Wall Street, constant borrowings by Germany to an extent moving the exchange in her favor, and tactics on the part of France which have meant the steady withdrawal of French credits in the shape of gold, so that from one quarter or another the Bank of France accumulated an extra £80,000,000 in gold during the past year.

It was under conditions such as these that this country returned to the gold standard in 1925, and it can be admitted that over a most difficult period the London money market has held its own quite well, especially in view of the fact that during a part of this period, at all events, we have lent quite a fair amount to foreign countries in long-dated loans in addition to the constant placing of short-term balances at foreign centres. Nevertheless, the situation which has still to be faced is an interesting and, in many respects, an embarrassing one. Germany, it is clear, must continue to borrow if she is to make her reparation payments. In many parts of the world there is great need for new capital. Not only is our own lending power clearly of a very limited character, but although the boom in Wall Street has been broken for the moment and money rates in New York are easier, there are no very definite signs at present of such a surplus of credits at that centre as to warrant expectations of a pronounced demand for high-class investment stocks, even of a local character, to say nothing of foreign obligations. Competition, in fact, at the moment, seems far more keen in the matter of securing gold for central banking reserves than in making fresh loans.

It is amid conditions such as these that a new element is about to be introduced into the international money markets in the shape of the new Bank for International Settlements. That institution has, to all intents and purposes, already come into being, the articles of association having been drawn up and the charter granted, while, as is already known, the head office is to be at Basel, in Switzerland. How far this new institution will ease the international monetary problems of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future, such as those which are involved in the German reparation payments, the service of the various War debts to the United States, the loan requirements of various borrowing countries, and economy in the use of gold for international settlements, remains to be seen.

With the best will in the world toward the new International Bank and its functions, bankers here may, perhaps, be excused for concentrating their attention mainly upon the prospects of whether London will or will not retain its position as the great monetary centre of the world, for it is well known that in the past that position has meant not only prosperity to the banking industry but prosperity to the country generally. Few, I think, would like to determine what the next few years will bring forth in the shape of international monetary developments, or would care to dogmatize whether, as suggested in the opening lines of this article, our monetary industry, like our industrial and manufacturing industries, is to be severely affected by foreign competition.

IT IS natural, perhaps, and at all events, thoroughly typical of our race, that we should be somewhat inclined to scorn the dangers of our banking and monetary supremacy being challenged, just as until recently Lancashire has given scant heed to the fact of foreign competition affecting the cotton industry. When we look at the United States, for example, we are disposed to maintain that American bankers have made, so far, a comparatively poor use of the opportunities given to them for establishing New York as a monetary centre and have preferred the excitements and profits arising out of a Wall Street boom to an adequate recognition and discharge of the responsibilities of a great banking centre. It is urged, too, that Lombard Street by generations of experience has acquired an expert knowledge of monetary, banking, and currency affairs, which is, so to speak, inherent in the blood and which other countries have tried in vain to copy. The advantages enjoyed by the United States in the matter of gold supplies, a huge favorable trade balance, and enormous natural resources in the country, together with all the advantages which arise from mass production, are vaguely recognized. Still, it is urged not only that American bankers have not the same instinct for international business which is found in London, but that the very fact of the many possibilities of profitable employment of capital within the country is likely to prevent the United States from adequately discharging the functions of an international centre.

It is admitted that in France there are all the possibilities attaching to thrift and the long stocking, so that it is felt that, given the necessary encouragement from the central authorities, the problem of financing some of the world's requirements in the shape of new loans may be met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of French resources. When, however, there is talk of Paris becoming a real monetary centre, it is sometimes pointed out that the character of the people, the lack of machinery in the money market, to say nothing of the discredit attaching to so recent a devaluation of the currency, must prevent France from successfully filling the rôle of a great monetary centre. It must not be forgotten, however, that those who hold these views with regard to France a year or two ago also held the view that long ere this France would be in a semi-bankrupt position owing to the flight from the franc and the unsound conduct of the national finances. In both of these respects, however, there has been a remarkable change in the position, and it will be well to recognize it.

There is, however, yet another deeper and more practical reason why it is well that we should in good time reflect upon the future possibilities of London as a monetary centre. Both as regards France and the United States there are at least certain forces working to promote their power as monetary centres. These forces are industry, thrift, and thriving trade. As one who, I think, has consistently emphasized the important part played by sound banking and finance in the past prosperity of the country, I am bound, however, also to recognize that the ability of London to discharge the responsibilities of a financial centre was, in its turn, largely due to a sound industrial position and to an adequate export trade. The question to-day for consideration is whether our industrial position and industrial forces are being so undermined as to threaten the ability of the banking system by itself to maintain all the essentials of a great monetary centre and free gold market. Skillful banking has done much during the past fourteen years to hold the fort in most difficult circumstances, but if the fort is to be permanently and securely held we must see a sufficient revival in industry to reduce the present figures of unemployment, and to give us once more an adequate volume of exports to compensate for the constant expansion in our imports.

II. Lancashire in Decay

By an Industrial Correspondent

From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Weekly

FIRST SOUTH WALES—now Lancashire. In Parliament, and in the press, we are perpetually reminded that trade is bad in Lancashire. The reports have occurred with such clocklike regularity during the past few years that people outside this stricken county have become hardened to them. 'Yes, the cotton trade is in a bad way,' they say. 'Old-fashioned methods, poor marketing, inflation of values due to recapitalization, trade-union interference'—and so on, with dreary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iteration. All very true. But does the country realize that its most important industrial centre is rotting, and that in a few years—say five years at the most—Lancashire may be one vast graveyard of derelict buildings? Let it be hammered home that the cotton trade is doomed, and doomed in the immediate future unless something is done now. Surely the warning of South Wales is writ large! Surely we can learn from experience! We know that most manufacturers, like other capitalists (and trade unionists, for that matter) are pig-headed when it comes to making a radical change. We know how reluctant they are to combine, reorganize, devaluate, or reconstruct. But can they do anything by themselves? Could the South Wales mine owners do anything by themselves? Have we not yet recognized, irrespective of party, that the Baldwinian policy of allowing things to adjust themselves (which, by the way, appears to be the Thomas policy also) means national suicide? South Wales has gone. Lancashire is going fast. Whose turn next?

Lest it be thought that this is mere rhetoric, let us look at a few facts. One of the best-equipped mills in Burnley—sixteen hundred looms; all 'preparation' machinery for taping, twisting, beaming, winding; engine and boilers; runways throughout; buildings and warehouses; and the whole mill fitted up with leather and healds ready for starting—has just been sold for the price of a villa. At the auction sale the whole concern fetched £4,275! The mill could not be built and fitted up to-day for £80,000,

In Burnley alone 23,000 looms have been scrapped since the decline—scrapped. This is apart, of course, from empty looms in firms still working, which will probably account for a further 23,000. Some idea of the decline may be gathered when one states that three looms will keep one person in full employment—reckoning winders, beamers, tapers, tacklers, and others who do not weave. For the past twelve months over 5,000 people in Burnley (population, 97,000) have been in regular receipt of unemployment pay. Note that a population of 97,000 will have only 40,000 possible workers at a liberal estimate. And this figure of 5,000, bad though it is, does not tell the whole story of the state of trade, because thousands of workers in employment are working short time, or are standing with one, two, or three looms. (Normally a woman runs four looms and a man six.)

Last year eight mills closed down in Burnley, and this is typical of all cotton towns. In Nelson (population, 40,000), a town three miles away, five firms owning 18,000 looms went out of existence in 1929. Blackburn, Darwen, Chorley, Preston, Oldham, Shaw, Todmorden, Accrington, Padiham, Brierfield, Colne, Great Harwood, and dozens of smaller places are affected in like manner.

The average wage of a Lancashire weaver at the present time is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than twenty-five shillings. That was about the figure for a four-loom weaver in 1914! And it is estimated that in Burnley alone over one and a half million pounds have been paid out in unemployment benefits—enough to have provided modern machinery for almost all of the mills. The manufacturers are now flatly despondent. There is no hope of a return to prosperity. An owner of an ordinary sized mill, say of about 1,000 looms, employing three hundred work people or more, and with no debts of any description, would have difficulty in raising a loan of £3,000 on his plant. The following figures, taken from a leading textile journal (the *Textile Recorder* for January 15th), should be studied carefully. Of 285 companies using called-up capital, 69 only paid dividends, 35 of these being original companies, 25 recapitalized, and 9 reconstructed. The total called-up capital of £47,295,545 paid dividends of £623,700—1.31 per cent.

In all the Lancashire towns shopkeepers are doing little or no trade. Bankruptcy and liquidation are the order of the day. Building societies are feeling the pinch because people can no longer afford to buy, and will not buy, houses, if it is at all possible to rent them. Rates are high, as is also the percentage of those unable to pay. The recipients of poor-law relief increase in number. Shops in busy streets stand empty. Everywhere is stagnation.

It is the moral effect of all this, however, which will prove most disastrous in the long run. Before the decline children left school and went to the mill as a matter of course. Now that avenue is largely closed, and in any case parents are loath to send children into a trade which is badly paid and irregular. Many children wander about the streets for years—though now and then a job is secured for a few weeks. These children, with such a training, will never really settle down to work during the whole course of their lives.

THE cotton trade will not revive without help, and immediate help. Combines similar to the Lancashire Cotton Corporation may do something, but that something will not be much unless some form of compulsion is adopted. To take hold of firms by agreement, one by one, is disastrous to the industry as a whole. Individual action is useless. Consider a recent instance of individual action in another respect. A Burnley firm threatens to close its doors unless the weavers consent to work on the 'eight-loom system'—that is, to run eight looms instead of four. The looms will run at a slower rate, and help will be given in such matters as cleaning machinery, pulling of pieces, bringing weft, etc. Further, a much higher wage will be paid. Most of the weavers in the mill agreed to accept the system, but in consequence of the following manifesto, issued by the local Weavers' Union, decided to defer action until their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committee should have had an opportunity of discussing the situation with the Employers' Association.

WARNING TO WEAVERS

This firm has offered employment to a number of weavers on an eight-loom-per-weaver system.

This Association has rejected the terms and conditions offered by the firm.

Acceptance of employment on the firm's terms and conditions is prohibited by this Association.

Any weaver who accepts this employment will be regarded as a knobstick, like any other weaver in the past who accepted employment at less than the standard prices and conditions established by this Association.

The Committee urge all weavers to keep away from this firm. While this dispute exists the firm is on the Black List.

Who can blame the local union? What else can they do? Undoubtedly weavers will have to accept the eight-loom system, or a shift system, or some radical change of a similar kind, and would probably agree more or less cheerfully to such a change if it were general and provided reasonable conditions. But individual action of this kind will solve nothing. The very fabric of the worker's existence is threatened. How can an industry thrive when one firm has a weaver to eight looms, and next door there are only four looms to a weaver? That the above firm, if it persists, will get weavers is certain—there are too many people starving. That this lead will be followed by other firms is also certain. But what is going to be the condition of an industry where there is no agreement whatever between employers' and employees' associations? South Wales—Lancashire! Whose turn next?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though the coffers of the Bank of France are filled to bursting, prices in Paris continue to soar. A German correspondent shows that too much gold is just as fatal to prosperity as too little.

More French Inflation

By Dr. Leo Stahl

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

France, the last of all belligerent countries to bring order to its chaotic currency, now faces the astonishing phenomenon of having stabilized the rate of exchange without having stabilized the buying power of the franc. On the surface it appears that the franc has attained stability because a solid gold reserve has been established, enough, indeed, to put the currency on a firm basis and to remove all danger of fluctuation. However, when one investigates the internal situation, the irresistible upward movement of prices shows unmistakably that the buying power of the franc is diminishing from week to week. While world prices and world living costs have for the first time been showing a universal downward trend, the price curve in France mounts higher.

The press is sounding the alarm, prominent figures in economic and political circles are becoming seriously disturbed, and the public in general has given up the attempt to understand the situation. No less a man than Poincaré promised before the legislature a speedy reduction of the high prices that had prevailed during the last year of the inflation provided the franc could be stabilized at a fifth of its former value, a move which exacted heavy sacrifices from the middle classes in particular. But his promise remained unfilled. Although the index of wholesale prices has fallen, following the movement of the world market, retail prices have climbed higher than ever.

According to official French statistics the average wholesale price

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

index of 634 for 1928 fell to 588 at the end of the year 1929, while the retail index mounted during the same period from 549 to 618, an increase of about 15 per cent. The diametrical opposition of these two movements is indeed so unusual and so contrary to all economic experience that one understands why the public suspects profiteering, why serious economists talk of an 'incomprehensible paradox,' and why politicians are encouraging state intervention and legislation. Closer study reveals, however, that there is a very natural explanation for this apparent contradiction in the fact that the sinking of the wholesale index can be traced almost entirely to the drop in the prices of foreign products while the prices of domestic French products, even in wholesale trade, failed to follow the movement of the world market. If the forty-five products on which the French calculations for the wholesale index are based are distributed according to whether their sources are domestic or foreign, they form the following table:—

	1928 Average	April 1929	July 1929	October 1929	December 1929
General index (45)	634	640	626	602	588
Domestic products (29)	619	648	639	624	620
Imported products (16)	660	625	603	562	530

From this it is evident that the imported products, whose prices were still 30 points above the French price level in 1928, sank no less than 130 points within a year, while French wholesale prices, after a temporary rise during the first and second quarters of the year, reverted toward the end of 1929 to almost the same level as in 1928, so that they did not undergo any reduction whatever. In considering domestic French prices another distinction must also be made, this time between agricultural and industrial products. The majority of the former, since they enjoy only a limited tariff protection and are thus dependent upon the fluctuations of the world market, dropped from 80 to 100 points. Corn, for instance, dropped from 583 to 503, flour from 567 to 483, wine from 632 to 380. On the other hand industrial products, which are not endangered by foreign competition owing to a prohibitively high tariff, have for the most part risen considerably above the 1928 level. Coal, for instance, showed an index of 620 at the end of the year 1929 in comparison with an average of 556 for 1928; cast iron rose from 538 in 1928 to 579; sheet iron was 561 at the end of 1929 compared with the average of 496 for 1928; oak rose from 956 to 1,233 and brick from 552 in 1928 to 646 at the end of 1929. These figures prove unequivocally what a mistake it is to talk of a contradiction between the movements of French wholesale and retail prices. It is much more to the point to say that both price movements, in so far as they concern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those domestic products which are untouched by foreign competition, manifest a decided trend toward parallel upward curves.

PARIS, where pre-War living costs were 10 to 20 per cent lower than in any other capital, is now well on its way to becoming one of the most expensive cities in Europe. For in reality the increase in living cost is appreciably larger than it is shown to be by the official figures, since French methods of arriving at statistical results do not stand the test of rigid scientific objectivity and are beginning to arouse opposition even in France. Most of the tariff treaties agreed upon by the organizations of workers and representatives of industry are drawn up on the system of sliding wage increases that prevailed during the inflation period. Calculations for the sliding wage are based on a standard fixed by the official index of local costs of living. The nature of the system and the fact that municipalities estimate their own price levels have made a political issue of the matter and cities like Paris with reactionary majorities in their municipal legislatures estimate their living costs at a much lower figure than the large provincial cities, where the parties of the Left are usually in control.

But even in Paris the last few weeks have produced a new rise in prices. Gas, water, electricity, and the rates of the municipal communication lines increased from 10 to 15 per cent on January first. The general price level rose at once, popular agitation increased, and even the great political parties were forced to abandon their habitual reserve.

A lively controversy as to the causes of the increase has also broken out. The public at large blames the government and the national legislature for refusing to make use of their executive power to check the wild forcing up of prices induced by unscrupulous speculation. Trade and industry, on the other hand, wish to prove that insupportable taxes and high wages which, incidentally, still lag far behind the proportional increases in the price level, are the true sources of the evil. Yet neither of these explanations does more than scratch the surface.

France has slid, imperceptibly, into a new period of inflation which differs from the earlier period in that this time budget considerations are not responsible for the great quantity of bank notes being issued. Of late the bank presses have been working overtime because of certain technical errors which slipped into the process of stabilization. The amount of bank notes in circulation at the end of 1926, when actual stabilization occurred, totaled about fifty-five milliards, but this figure has swollen since that time to a total of more than seventy milliards. One source of this fresh flood of paper money is the tremendous supply of foreign capital with which international speculators, encouraged by Poincaré's inclination to bring about thoroughgoing revalorization

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and by the hope that the franc would eventually be stabilized at a much higher value, deluged the French money market during the period between the actual stabilization and the later legal stabilization. The Treasury and the Bank of France were obliged to absorb those vast amounts of foreign capital.

IN THE summer of 1928 when the French legislature adopted the new law stabilizing the franc, the mass of foreign capital had swollen to more than 40 milliards, of which ten milliards were in the possession of the Treasury and the remainder in the vaults of the Bank of France. By far the largest part of this foreign capital had poured into Paris in the form of short-term investments. Because these investments did not correspond to any real economic need and because the foreign investment market was growing constantly less attractive, the only way to meet the situation was gradual liquidation, that is to say the conversion of foreign capital into francs. The actual francs needed for this process had to be freshly issued, since only a very small portion of the necessary total could be drawn from those already in circulation. Up to the present the Bank of France has been able to dispose of scarcely more than a third of its accumulated foreign capital, while the Treasury has not even made a beginning.

The new flood of bank notes has been augmented by the unwonted liquefaction of the money market. The investment of foreign debts in French trade and industry, the withdrawal of capital from foreign speculative fields, due to the stock-market crisis in New York, and the large sums of cash which the Treasury was compelled to draw as a result of the scanty tax collections during the first quarter released appreciable amounts of capital which overwhelmed the domestic money market, since the export of capital is still tightly throttled by legislation.

Although in neither case is it exactly possible to speak of the creation of additional buying power,—since the new inflation is due to the attempted assimilation of masses of capital which would still exist in the form of currency even though they were withdrawn from active use,—the effects of the continuing increase in the quantity of paper money remain the same. In proportion as the amount of money in circulation increases in relation to an approximately stable quantity of goods for consumption purposes, the buying power of the currency must inevitably diminish. It is this phenomenon which has manifested itself in France, and in view of this evidence it is hardly possible to entertain further doubt that the increase in the cost of living, which becomes more sharply perceptible every day, has its true origin in inflation.

The fact that this view is also held in authoritative French circles is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shown by the decision of the Bank of France to adopt measures possessing a strongly deflationary character. The Bank first contemplated mobilizing the promissory notes it had deposited to the credit of the sinking fund, hoping in this way to reduce the quantity of paper money by a few milliards. After this endeavor had encountered insuperable obstacles in the form of excessive claims on the part of the Treasury, the Bank of France then decided to lower the discount rate, hoping in this way to stimulate a heavy flow of French capital to foreign countries in spite of the existing legislative difficulties, and also to reduce the quantity of money in France itself.

Spain's political problems remain unsolved in spite of the fall and subsequent death of Primo de Rivera. The real question is not the continuation of the dictatorship but the survival of the monarchy and of King Alfonso.

SPAIN *and Its* SOVEREIGN

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

From the *Observer*
London Independent Sunday Paper

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN strikes most English observers as obscure. Take a bunch of facts. The dictatorship fell on January 26th, but during the demonstrations of relief trailing its fall the cries were not 'Down with Primo,' but 'Down with the King.'

The Government formed to react against the dictatorship and to revise its work forbade criticism, and is coming back to dictatorial methods with regard to freedom of meetings and speech. Señor Sánchez Guerra, in a sensational speech before an audience of middle- and upper-class people, declared that while still a Monarchist he would never accept office under King Alfonso—very much as if Mr. Baldwin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were to take a similar stand toward King George. Furthermore, every Monarchist leader, including Count Romanones, an intimate friend of the King (save Count Bugallal, Señor Sánchez Guerra's successor as head of the orthodox Conservatives), has remained silent before this sensational attack.

Spanish grandees openly applauded Señor Sánchez Guerra, and a lieutenant general, an ex-president of the Supreme War Council, hinted that the speech was too mild.

The picture is no doubt far from clear, yet much of the confusion is in the on-looker's eye, for behind that eye there stand the categories of his native country. Thus it is very difficult for Britons to judge foreign kings without instinctively spreading over them the protective mantle of respect and affection which is the true royal mantle of English kings. The English reader should not, however, forget that this royal mantle was woven only in recent years and for the gracious shoulders of Queen Victoria. The Georges and Williams who preceded her were not so adorned and protected, probably because in their time the king did not impersonate the whole nation by remaining at the apex of it, but came down to the political arena, and took sides between the parties.

LET, then, the British observer read the news from Spain, not with his contemporary feelings, but with those he would have if he were the subject of George III, and the Spanish situation will appear clearer to him. What is the origin of the trouble? Mainly this, that at the time when the country was assimilating a parliamentary system somewhat artificially grafted on her body politic, fate crowned as King of Spain a young man full of personal temperament and ambition, anxious to wield power without check or interference.

Count Romanones, no suspect witness, has revealed how early the King's imperiousness manifested itself when, in a recent book, he described the first council of ministers over which His Majesty presided at the age of sixteen, at which the Count was present as minister of education. The first official initiative of his reign was to growl at his old war secretary (General Weyler was then seventy-one) over the closing up of military colleges. King Alfonso revealed thus not only his aim but his method, which was to be the development of the army and the use of it against civilian power.

The rest is known. While the average duration of the Queen Regent's cabinets had been one year and seven months the average duration of the King's was seven months. Much abuse has been poured over the so-called old régime, in order to justify the dictatorship, but the impartial student of that period will probably sum up his views by saying that the main defects of the old régime were due to a too ready ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quiescence in the King's unconstitutional practices on the part of weak politicians always willing to cover the Crown before Parliament and the public, and consequentially to a steady growth of extraconstitutional and illegal forces, such as the power of local captain generals, generally backed by the King, even when they acted in open disobedience to the regular government.

As a result of this evolution all the objective problems of the country—difficult in themselves—became acute. Catalanism drifted to dangerous extremes on stiff treatment by the military forces; the officers became so much emboldened that they organized a kind of soviet to bully the civil power with preposterous demands; Morocco became a reserved field for generals. Industrial troubles, always inherently dangerous, owing to the anarchist ferment in Barcelona, led to a period of terrorism which can be traced on the one hand to a tradition of criminal anarchists in the town and on the other to one Bravo Portillo, an ex-police inspector, expelled from the force as a German spy during the War, who nevertheless was later in the employ of the captain general of Barcelona, General Milans del Bosch, a particularly palatine general, who happened to be chief of the King's military household on the date of the *coup d'état*.

It is not true to say that the dictatorship saved Spain from Syndicalist terrorism. There is ample evidence to prove that Barcelona was quieter under the more intelligent cabinets of the old régime (such as the Conservative cabinet of Señor Sánchez Toca, a cabinet, by the way, which the King made strenuous efforts not to form in the face of advice that it should be formed) than under the 'surgical' methods of such friends of resolute government as the notorious General Martínez Anido, whose reputation as civil governor of Barcelona would be very difficult to analyze.

TAKEN all in all, the weakness of the old régime was the element of dictatorship which it contained, the military interference in civilian affairs and the high handed action of such military figures as General Martínez Anido. It is now an open secret that the dictatorship was prepared in close touch with Generals Martínez Anido and Milans del Bosch, then residing in San Sebastian, where the King was staying. General Primo de Rivera was the somewhat picturesque figurehead whose debonair personality took much of the sting out of the weapon. But the true force lay in General Martínez Anido, silent, hidden, never spoken of, never photographed, but with his hand on the police. He took the Home Office, and General Milans del Bosch passed from the King's military household to the civil governorship of Barcelona.

But why a dictatorship? For two reasons, first because the Moroccan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disaster of 1921 was being thoroughly investigated, and both the Army and the Crown expected strong criticism as the result of such an inquiry; and, secondly, because the parliamentary system was beginning to work. It was no longer possible for the government in office, that is, for the King's nominees, to get elected the majority they wanted. The centre of power was shifting from the palace to the electorate.

Why did the dictatorship last so long? Because of its impure origins. The first thing that General Primo de Rivera did when he took office was to secure the files of the parliamentary commission which was investigating the Moroccan setback. This meant that a strict censorship had to be enforced, which in its turn made it impossible to prepare a new political régime. Hence the deadlock.

But why the end? Because irresponsible power is too much even for the greatest of men. Both the King and his dictator made mistakes. The best men of the country were exiled, vexed, driven into uncompromising opposition. A deplorable minister of education delivered his department over to the most reactionary type of clerical influence. The judiciary was reduced to abject subservience and deprived of whatever security of tenure it possessed. The army was profoundly disturbed by the grave events in connection with the artillery corps, which was dismissed, then called back to service under humiliating conditions. An incompetent finance minister brought down the peseta to the lowest level it had known even in the days of the Spanish-American War. Finally, the dictator himself lost his head, and sought a renewal of confidence in a kind of military plebiscite. The King dismissed him.

This shows that the King was the real dictator. But, indeed, when his present government, all composed of his true friends, in their admirable and well-meaning efforts to save His Majesty, declare that the King is irresponsible under the Constitution, they wish the nation to forget that the responsibility of the King is unfortunately personal and direct. Three months after the *coup d'état* the presidents of both houses of Parliament called on His Majesty and formally reminded him that according to Article 32 of the Constitution the responsibility for calling a meeting of the Cortes within ninety days of their dissolution falls directly and personally on the King himself. The King dismissed them within five minutes. The King has been personally responsible for the dictatorship since that day.

HENCE the present position. In his famous speech Señor Sánchez Guerra said that he had lost confidence in the King's confidence. This saying applies to practically every man of political distinction, present or future, in Spain. The country has never been more Republican than it is now, but even among the Monarchists many are those who declare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Señor Sánchez Guerra that they remain with the monarchy, but not with the monarch.

General Berenguer and his colleagues mean well. They are sincere in declaring that they wish to return to a constitutional régime. But such a return is impossible without freedom of meeting and opinion, and as soon as opinion is free it condemns the King, whom the Government wishes to save. The Government is therefore driven back to dictatorial methods whether it wishes or not, and the deadlock continues.

There is a danger ahead that in order to save the King recourse may be had to stimulating events which might provoke a reaction in favor of 'resolute government.' The presence of Generals Martínez Anido and Milans del Bosch in Barcelona, where both are officially unemployed, and their conversations with the captain general, General Barrera, together with the refusal of the Government—whether a voluntary or a compulsory refusal is not clear—to dismiss this captain general in spite of his well-known proclivities, provide anxious food for thought to experienced observers.

Let us hope that Spain will be spared any methods of strife unworthy of the dramatic dignity of the conflict between Spain and her King. For it is a noble conflict. The King is patriotic, and his ambition deserves respect. The features of his character which have brought him to this plight are not dissimilar to those to which Ferdinand, the Catholic, owes his fame as an immortal king. It is beneath the level of the conflict to slander the country in order to save the King, or, whatever may be thought of his policy, to slander the King in order to save the country. It is not King Alfonso's fault that he was born five centuries too late. On the other hand, it is not Spain's fault that five centuries have gone, and the nation has a greater claim than the first of her sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

New Light on Nietzsche

FRESH AND THRILLING information on the tragedy of Nietzsche's life has been revealed in a collection of hitherto unpublished manuscripts edited by Dr. Erich Podach and entitled *Nietzsche Zusammenbruch* (*Shattered Nietzsche*). Evidence is here presented proving that Nietzsche hated his sister, Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, and that his thwarted affection for Cosima Wagner, the wife of the composer, very probably underlay his dispute with her husband. Nietzsche's dislike of his sister grew out of her disapproval of a friendship he had formed with an uncommonly gifted lady named Lou Salomé, of whom he once wrote, 'It is hardly possible for two people to have a greater kinship than she and I,' but whom his sister described as 'a poisonous snake that must be destroyed at all costs.' In a letter to his sister he said, 'How is it possible that you and I are related? . . . I do not like the type of soul you have, my poor sister, and I like it least of all when it is morally inflated . . . I know all your meanness.' To his mother he declared, 'My sister is a miserable worm; it has now happened for the sixth time in two years that she has flung a letter into the midst of my highest emotions, emotions such as have rarely existed on this earth before . . . every letter has made me feel indignant of the dirty, slanderous way in which my sister speaks of Lou Salomé.'

As a loyal friend of Georg Brandes, who was one of his most devoted admirers, Nietzsche had no use for the anti-Semites and the fact that his sister had married one of them did not endear her to him. 'I am thoroughly tired of your moralizing chatter,' he wrote in 1884, infuriated by his sister's references to 'Jewish rascals like Georg Brandes.' He despised the German victory of 1871 and prophesied that 'it might be converted into total defeat, the defeat, indeed, the destruction, of the German spirit as the price paid for the rise of the German Empire.'

His feeling for Cosima Wagner appears in a number of cryptic notes written after he had lost his mind. In *Zarathustra* he had said, 'A labyrinthine man never seeks the truth but only and always his Ariadne.' This statement provides the key to such later confessions as: 'Everything that remains is for Frau Cosima . . . Ariadne'; and the object of his affection herself received a scribbled note from his asylum reading: 'Ariadne, I love you. Dionysus.' Earlier, in *Ecce Homo*, before his mind had given way but after he had taken to signing himself 'Dionysus' and 'Christ' he had said, 'Who but myself knows who this Ariadne is?' It is also related that one of the doctors in the mental home where he spent a year heard Nietzsche say, 'It is Frau Cosima who brought me here.' The entries in the records of the same establishment make pitiful reading. 'Asked him how he felt,' says one; 'answered he felt so infinitely well that he could only express it in music.' But on another occasion he 'spends afternoon in garden, walks about, screaming and gesticulating.'

His collapse occurred in Turin on January 3rd, 1889, when he saw a cabman flogging an old horse. He burst into tears, flung his arms about the horse's neck, and his mind gave way completely. His landlord, who happened to be passing, took him home and later he was sent to Basel. A year passed before he was released, a hopeless, harmless idiot, and whatever his feelings toward his sister may have been, she guarded him for the remaining ten years of his life, which he spent seated in a Bath chair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wizard of Gallspach

VALETIN ZEILEIS is his name and his mystical treatment of disease with a radium wand is bringing 140,000 visitors a year to the little Austrian village where he lives. With a system of electro-therapeutics quite his own he works on groups of at least fifty people, who are ushered into a spacious hall hung with black and equipped with fantastic lighting effects. The price of admission is three Austrian shillings—about forty cents—and the patients sit stripped to their waists while the healer passes among them, brandishing a phosphorescent rod that contains twelve milligrams of radium and a little helium. He gazes deep into the eyes of his patients, passing the wand rapidly over their bodies. A snap, spark, or deep glow of the instrument marks the location of the disease. His observation of the eyes and the behavior of his wand then lead him to recommend one of his many electric ray treatments at five shillings apiece.

Although several hundred thousand people have already declared that they have benefited from his methods, the German scientific world has been opposing Zeileis consistently, and a certain Professor Lazarus, unable to make his way into any of the Gallspach gatherings, succeeded in submitting himself for treatment at a similar institute in Munich which Zeileis also operates. To the combined disgust and delight of the learned but healthy visitor, he was diagnosed as suffering from consumption, an affliction of the gall bladder, and several minor ailments, an experience that led him to inquire what was said when really sick people presented themselves. Nevertheless, customers continue to appear and certain discouraged practitioners of medicine, suspecting that radium and electricity may really possess healing properties, have begun furtive experiments along similar lines, but without any popular response. The success of Zeileis is therefore attributed to the same mysterious manifestation which our own financial experts discovered at work during the Wall Street crash and which they chose to designate as mass psychology.

The man responsible for all this perturbation is a blue-eyed individual with no medical training whatever. He states with perfect truth that he is not in it for the money as he is married to the daughter of a well-to-do industrialist, and the few unbiased observers who have seen him at work declare that he is a born healer—a man with hypnotic powers. He himself tells how he amazed a visiting physiologist by producing from his pocket a snuffbox with radium in it; the scientist could not understand how he managed to remain unharmed. Zeileis also boasts immunity from electric shocks, attributing this condition to the fact that an Indian fakir once cured him of the effects of a cobra bite by treating the spot with his own saliva. But his most extraordinary claim is that by thinking hard in Vienna he made a log of wood in India glow.

Joyce To-day

INCREASING BLINDNESS seems almost certain to prevent the completion of James Joyce's latest masterpiece, on which he has been working for seven years and which is now only half done. On February 2nd, his forty-eighth birthday, he told his friends that the task looked impossible: he is unable to dictate and must write every word with a great red pencil on large sheets of paper which he cannot read without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Joyce works from ten to fourteen hours a day, yet he is only able to write a few hundred words in that time and these he revises endlessly in manuscript only to rewrite them all over again in proof. He says that his eyes compel him to dress entirely in white while he is at work—a striking contrast to Proust, who used to insist on having his room hung all in black.

The little beard that Joyce wears conceals a scar inflicted by a mad dog that bit him when he was five years old. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this day he will therefore allow no dog near him, but is devoted to cats. He wears large rings, smokes a strange pipe, and always carries with him an ash walking stick, just as Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses* did. Music is Joyce's chief diversion and he attends every principal performance at the Paris Opera House. It is eighteen years since he has visited Ireland, from which country he considers himself an exile on account of the hostility of the Roman Catholic Church. Three portions of the book on which he is now engaged have already been published—*Anna Livia Plurabelle*, *Tales Told of Shem and Sham*, and *A Fragment*, the last-named having been brought out early this March in Paris.

The 'Week-End Review'

WHEN THE PROPRIETORS of the Conservative *Saturday Review* of London asked Mr. Gerald Barry, its editor, to come out for the United Empire Party the very week after he had attacked it in a leading editorial, the entire writing staff resigned. As a result of this split a new British weekly has come into being, the *Week-End Review*, which Mr. Barry and his faithful associates will direct. Solid financial backing has been secured to start them on their way and they claim to be 'definitely assured of a long run.'

Interviewed by a representative of the *Observer*, Mr. Barry quoted Bernard Shaw as saying that if they called the new paper the *High-Brow Review* 'every Englishman in the land would read it,' but it was felt that the title chosen possessed 'a certain freshness and friendliness.' Concerning the policies he intends to pursue, Mr. Barry has this to say:—

> Not everything in it, by any means, will be Conservative. It will be in attitude, in fact, much like the paper I lately edited, but will be, I hope, rather more outspoken and wider in its interests. The world is both wider and narrower than it was. A specialist has been described as one who knows more and more about less and less, and the average reader as one who knows less and less about more and more. One function of a weekly review is to bridge the gap. Special attention will also be given to music and the theatre, and a large section of the paper will be devoted to the newest books. Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw have kindly agreed to write in early issues, and writers like Ivor Brown, A. P. Herbert, Gerald Gould, and many others will be among the contributors. I should like to pay a tribute here to a wonderfully loyal team of colleagues.
>
> The new review, as you know, has come into being as the result of an incident involving the traditions of journalism; and one of its objects will be to uphold those traditions and to fight always for independence of thought, and to give representation to all points of view.
>
> Nowadays when so many journals are grouped under one proprietorship, it is more than ever essential on the part of a weekly to maintain an independence of outlook. I have been called rash to attempt to start a new paper; but I feel, on the contrary, that many people will agree there is abundant room for it. Many are sick to death of the present mass production of opinion. They want papers that will help them to think for themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe's destiny has come to depend more and more upon the condition of its industrial workers. Here is a picture of the human side of German industry —a bird's-eye view of the greatest iron and coal centre in the Old World.

Chimneys of ESSEN

By ERIK REGER

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Liberal Daily

THE STREET STRETCHES FAR into the distance, two endless lines of dreary tenements whose gray stone fronts are half eaten away by acid and whose stucco embellishments are crumbling into decay. One cannot imagine that these houses were built like other houses. The contractor must have simply run a string along a series of posts and then erected a whole kilometre of front walls. Not a single house looks as if it had any interior, and where a door stands open one seems to be looking through a stage wing. The inhabitants spend all their time sitting on the steps or looking out the windows. Since nothing inside distracts them they virtually live on the street. Furthermore, these people look as much alike as the windows behind which they dwell, and all of them are women and children, for the men are either working or going and coming from work. The atmosphere has turned the faces of the children yellow and, as for the stout, immobile women, they seem to be living in a continual state of pregnancy.

During one of the boom periods a few real-estate barons bought up whole blocks at a time, but here and there these monotonous stretches are broken by a little peasant's dwelling, like those that used to be found all over Westphalia a hundred years ago. But now the windows of these houses are boarded up and only rats and mice live in them, yet in spite of their state of decay these houses are the only ones that seem to have four walls and that amount to something more than a façade. There are shops, too, on this street, grocery stores and junk shops full of filth and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decay, in front of whose doors stand petty tradesmen who extend credit to the workers until the next pay day. There is also a moving-picture theatre that looks like a barn but that shows luxurious films of life in high society, and finally there is an excellently situated bicycle establishment that is run by the trade union.

I come upon an open square with sparse trees, trampled shrubbery, piles of sand, and numerous benches. Children are playing here, an incredible crowd of them. Industrial cities such as this pay twenty marks per inhabitant to support the schools, whereas Berlin is assessed only fourteen marks. Seclusion does not exist, mass recreation holds sway. The people sit tightly packed on the benches, which are jammed together as closely as their occupants. Relaxation becomes an outpouring of energy and nothing more. The peaceable inhabitants all know each other. They have been telling each other the same stories and playing the same card games together for years. All their faces are stained with the grayish-yellow color that characterizes mining folk, and their wasted flesh is dotted here and there with bluish spots of sweat and coal dust. What do they represent, these veteran workers, sacrifices to the cause of capitalism, soldiers in the red army? God only knows.

Here is a romantic, neglected fence, behind which lies a pile of junk—old furniture, straw mats, the heads of bronze angels, worn-out army boots, and battered harmonicas. Splendid material for the sociologist. Some distance farther along stands an iron foundry in an advanced state of decay and beside it a modern architect has erected a huge factory, sparing nothing in the way of space or material to make it perfect. I enter a shop and reflect that the women who come here must always have to count their pennies secretly to see if they have enough to buy a coffee cup or a saucepan. Yet they are continually buying tea canisters, cake plates, and flower vases. They purchase utterly useless presents as if every day an engagement, a wedding, or a christening were being celebrated. Suddenly I come upon a little hill on which stands an ancient, dignified church. What penitential secrets its shriveled walls must have heard! And now the street slopes down again and another church appears, new and threatening as any fortress. My eye runs down a little narrow side street that possesses no distinctive marks whatever. It is dark and narrow and its two-story houses have not been painted for years, but at the end of the street stands America, a colossal structure of concrete from Chicago or Pittsburgh, and one cannot possibly tell whether it is a slaughter house or the shaft of some mine. One can only gape at its gigantic, smooth white walls.

THREE kilometres north of Essen is a place called Stoppenberg. A little hill rises here on whose top stands an observation tower. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called Hallo, which sounds like a suitable name for a dog. An inscription informs me that the tower on Hallo, from which I hope to get an extensive view of the whole industrial region, was erected to the memory of Kaiser William the Great. At its entrance stands an 1870 model howitzer, 'The Gift of His Majesty, Kaiser William II.' Eight sturdy shells of more recent manufacture guard the entrance. I ascend the narrow, winding stairway, where it is cold and dark, but when I emerge above the air is warm. Sulphurous fumes assail me which can only be detected at this height and from here, too, one can see how the smoke, whose odor is penetrating, corroding, lies in layers.

I allow my eyes to wander slowly over the landscape, surveying the mines, chimneys, and outlines of cities, and then more mines, more chimneys, more city shapes. Vainly I attempt to organize the scene about some axis, but it is impossible. The roads of a former day run through the various settlements, where they radiate into a number of side streets that finally wander off into open fields. The form that all these settlements have taken has been determined by the situation of the coal mines. No house stands alone, yet the various centres of population are considerable distances apart, and their inhabitants scarcely know what the various town limits are. How can such a district be administered? Only a few lines of communication bind it together. I look round about me and see the gently hilly country rolling away like a diorama of a primitive geological landscape. It is an unsympathetic landscape, neither beautiful nor ugly, only productive. Everyone who lives here wants money, some to maintain life, others to enjoy life. It is a district with a purpose but no form, a district well known to man but not yet really discovered, a district that could easily be made valuable or as easily made a source of distress. Hollow succeeds hollow in echelon formation and chimneys follow the lines that nature has prescribed as they wind their way through Oberhausen, Buer, Gelsenkirchen, Bochum, Manne and on to Recklinghausen. Twenty kilometres of chimneys in every direction and any number of mines—I count eighteen of them in the immediate vicinity. It is neither an elevating nor a depressing prospect. I find it entirely natural.

A mine worker taking the day off explains to me that on clear Sundays when there is less smoke and more wind one can count as many as seventy-five coal mines from this spot. I ask him about holidays. 'One a week has been the rule almost everywhere for the past year.' 'Why is that?' I inquire. 'Lack of markets?' He looks at me keenly: 'They say so.' By 'they' he means the mine owners. Workmen use the words 'employer,' 'capitalist,' and 'industrial baron' much less than people suppose. The impersonal 'they' is readily enough understood. To whom else could it refer? As for the lack of markets, the output is much increased during the winter months but the international overproduction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of coal is a serious problem. I point to the wreaths of smoke that lie like a fog over the roofs of the houses and that infect the air. 'Can one live there?' I inquire. He laughs. 'One grows accustomed to it and many of us live to an old age.' I recall statistics proving that the Ruhr district is a regular sanatorium. Duisburg has the highest marriage rate, Hamborn the highest birth rate, and Mülheim and Oberhausen the lowest death rate in Germany. Yet where are any health-giving qualities to be found in this caldron of filth? The southern parts of the Ruhr, the lovely forests between Essen and Mülheim and the meadows in the north are impossibly remote.

The man with whom I am talking has never in his life been beyond the little town next to his own. He knows the names of only a few of the mines and he has but the faintest notion of who owns them. He digs coal and does not care what becomes of the coal or what concern he is working for. He also informs me that independent peasants no longer exist here. The mines have bought up all the land. Some of the previous owners have now become tenants, but most of the inhabitants did not originate in this part of the country. Certain peasants still work the soil during the summer months but they cannot make a living at it because the smoke damages the crops. This smoke is every shade of yellow, gray, blue, and black and lies in parallel layers, some of them running at right angles to each other and assuming the aspect of geometrical figures. The wind must be curious here, for the smoke from one group of factories is blowing eastward while the smoke from the Krupp works is blowing to the west. On the northern horizon a bright shaft of flame is gleaming. It looks mystical but there is nothing mystical about mining, and this flame that might catch the eye of an amateur observer has nothing to do with the production of ore. It is merely escaping gas, a fine thing for lyric poets and cloistered doctors of philosophy to marvel at but meaningless to any skilled laborer.

NOT far away I see a workman stoking a fire at one of the hollows in the ground and his face reflects its glow. I should not go so far as to say that this man looks contented with his work. He is not singing hymns in praise of life. To all appearances he has nothing whatever on his mind and merely takes his job at the fire for granted. Below him, sixteen hundred feet beneath the surface, half-naked men are lying on their backs, hewing out coal with compressed air hammers, pouring with sweat. Are they slaves of the machine, soulless marionettes? Hardly. The worker concentrates what intelligence he has on his labor. He is interested in its technical aspects. He is a specialist and speaks almost tenderly of his work and its possibilities. He is not subject to the machine nor does he govern the machine. He merely keeps step with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then there are also long stretches of office buildings, where the employees are arranged in American fashion in vast rooms, watched over by a department head behind glass walls. The directors also work here, men who are commonly regarded as fat and evil, but whom local opinion looks upon as dispassionate fellows who have to conform to the exigencies of capitalist production.

All these masses of chimneys symbolize nothing whatever, they are merely excrescences of the practical world and represent nothing more than so many different interests. There are the chimneys of the Krupp works, there the chimneys belonging to Stinnes, and the multitudinous chimneys of the Amalgamated Steel Works. The chimneys of Thyssen are the only ones that cannot be seen from here, for they lie behind the range of hills along the Ruhr which are concealed at the moment behind a bank of smoke as thick and dark as a thundercloud.

Ceaseless activity, ceaseless motion prevails all about. Trains and locomotives go shunting up and down the tracks. The various means of transportation are too numerous to mention. Little square objects go coasting slowly along the cable railways like raindrops on a telephone wire. Strange movements these, impelled by some hidden driving power, and one can only guess what purpose they are serving. What are those trolley cars on the suspension bridge carrying? Coal, one imagines, for such enormous loads surely have some productive value. But no, the cars only contain stones and useless earth that is being carried far into the open fields and dumped. Surveying this scene is like studying the viscera of a dissected human body. Poverty and prosperity are so intermingled here that they seem to be sprouting out of the same soil. It is all a huge productive ring riveted tightly together and one looks at it as through a magnifying glass. Hunger exists, of course, but it is just as much a part of the picture as hate and madness and love and day and night. Only in a few solitary little houses that still maintain a homely poultry yard, only in such dismal spots does the poverty become intense, only there is real hunger to be found.

Evening falls and I descend. At the first crossroads I come upon a signpost which reads: 'To Memorial Hall.' I hasten in and find a bust of the Kaiser behind which stands a kind of guardian angel with something like a crown in its hand that it is offering but seems unable to get rid of. Each window has two pictures of His Majesty in four colors of stained glass, for even in the shadow of these chimneys court ceremonial must be preserved. On a great table lies the document announcing the proclamation of the German Empire of 1871 and, in compensation for this announcement, the first issue of the Workers' Insurance Bill passed ten years later. What earthly purpose can this little touch of diplomacy serve here? Perhaps it is to show that this smoky, dreary, rugged, lowering district has not succumbed to complete disillusionment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is an avowed British dry who has seen for himself how American Prohibition works. Much of what he has to say makes painful reading, but his honest conviction that the Volstead Act has become a tragic farce bears directly on our most important domestic problem.

PROHIBITION
As I Saw It

By FRANK H. SHAW

From the *English Review*
London Conservative Monthly

IN VIEW OF THE increasing activity of such enthusiasts as desire to make Britain a dry country by Act of Parliament rather than by national good sense, some recent observations made in the United States of America on the progress of Prohibition and the general working of the Volstead Act's famous Eighteenth Amendment may be of interest to such as follow blindly in the wake of fanaticism. I write as one who is dry by conviction of common sense; as one who realizes fully that indulgence in alcohol is not conducive to betterment, either physical, mental, or social; as one who has definitely proved to his own satisfaction and that of others that temperance and even total abstention are worth while. But I also write as one who realizes that human appetites can never successfully be controlled by legal processes carried into effect by paid guardians of morality. The entire history and instinct of free nations are against any such tyranny. True, drink, along with other vices, can be controlled publicly; but, although cleared from the public places, it is merely driven into hiding, where its indulgence becomes a defiance, and consequently of greater sporting value than could be the case were freedom permitted.

Within three hours of landing in New York last year, I was offered more alcohol in the way of single drinks and wholesale supplies than I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been offered during the three preceding years in England. The first question put to this anxious inquirer after truth by each and every individual met, whether man or woman, was: 'Have you got in touch with a bootlegger yet?' The first greeting, after inevitable compliments, was: 'Come right along and I'll show you where you can get a real drink—none of your synthetic hooch, but the real honest-to-God Mackie!' That first day I was introduced into no fewer than twenty-one 'speakeasies,' and there was not a single one of them all that was not within stone's-throw of some policeman or other. In the second place I visited, the police lieutenant of the precinct, the officer responsible for the sobriety of his definite district of the great, tumultuous city, was present, lolling over the bar in a state of almost complete intoxication. In each place drink of all kinds and qualities was freely exposed for sale in unlimited quantities. Not all was good—most of it, indeed, was atrocious. For a 'highball'—our whiskey and soda—reputedly composed of smuggled Scotch whiskey, a charge of seventy-five cents was levied; and, judged by appearances, the liquor supplied was bona fide barley-bree of the Highlands. But it was nothing of the sort—it was merely commercial alcohol, the ordinary methylated spirits of our spirit stoves, diluted and colored and flavored to represent the real thing. True, it was got up in bottles labeled with the insignia of well-known distillers; and, to all seeming, seals and capsules were intact; moreover, in some cases, the labels were so creased and damp and salt-scented as to give the impression that the bottles had been immersed in salt water in the process of smuggling into the country. But it was not Scotch whiskey, as analysis proved.

IN MY first 'speakeasy'—illicit barroom—were assembled maybe thirty men of position—editors, publishers, stockbrokers, bankers, commission agents, and the like. Seventy per cent were considerably intoxicated—at five o'clock in the evening; and the remainder were doing their utmost to become intoxicated as quickly as it could be done. They did not partake of alcohol for the worth of its social possibilities, as an aid to companionship or business; they drank it down swiftly, without any appreciation of its flavor (perhaps they had a good reason for that!) and ordered a fresh shot before setting an emptied glass on the bar. They had absolutely the same attitude toward alcohol that a boy in a farmer's orchard has toward clandestine apples: get as many as possible disposed of before you're caught!

The majority of these clients had been, before the passing of the Volstead Act, either total abstainers or else men who drank in great moderation but, their liberty of action having been interfered with, they were determined to prove their right to indulgence in a common

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

product. They were defiant; and it is the defiant man who goes an extra step over the line of decency simply through enthusiasm to be thought daring by his associates, just as the orchard robber dares rather to impress his pals than because he wants cheap fruit.

At tables in the room—which was a cellar, entered secretly, and only by such as were personally known to the staff—men were playing penuchle, which is a game demanding much slapping of cards violently on table tops, and a lot of blusterous, profane language. The atmosphere of the 'speakeasy' was unspeakably mean—damp, clammy, reeking of sour cement and the lees of indifferent liquor. In pre-Prohibition days these same men would have taken an innocent cocktail in the lounge of one of the smarter hotels, such as the Commodore or the Ritz-Carlton, and been unashamed of the fact. But all here were suggesting defiance and a fear of being found out—which probably added zest to the proceedings.

There was a curtained inclosure where ladies were permitted. And many ladies were there. I mean ladies in the social sense: smart women. Not the idle class, for American womanhood nowadays refuses to be idle; but women of affairs who could command salaries up to ten or fifteen thousand dollars per annum. These were drinking freely—hard drinks for the most part, and a good deal more than was good for them. There was a good deal of wildish laughter, and questionable stories were bandied freely—*very* questionable stories. This establishment, typical of the whole twenty-five thousand admitted 'speakeasies' in New York alone, would have been condemned as insanitary in London, even in the worst slums. There was nothing attractive about it in the least degree. Sordid is the best description applicable. The attitude of these alcohol-imbibing women—leaders of thought and action—toward the shirt-sleeved bartenders was more than friendly; it was almost sycophantic. Two or three genuine, hard-faced 'toughs'—denizens of the city's vast and uncontrolled underworld—were present, not viewed with disgust but made objects of flattering regard. An average British middle-class woman of far fewer social pretensions than these clients would have drawn her skirts aside in fear of contamination.

THIS, then, was a 'speakeasy'—Prohibition's substitute for our open, orderly houses of refreshment! The prices charged for liquor probably put it out of reach of the workingman, whom our anti-liquor enthusiasts are so wonderfully anxious to protect and lift up, but the clandestine nature of the supply caused this den—there is no other word for it—to be a magnet for men and women who possessed big, creative brains, and who devised schemes whereby the workingman should secure employment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To secure admittance to this resort—or any other—it was necessary to open an outer door, enter a lobby, press a bell push. Presently a grille was opened, and the visitor was subjected to a close scrutiny by one of the establishment's personnel. If this proved satisfactory, the client was admitted through an inner door, ostentatiously sheathed with steel and furnished with a spring lock. The two doors, outer and inner, could never be opened at one and the same time. Once inside, the place was wide open.

'Suppose,' I asked my guide, 'a man requires a drink and hasn't an introduction to one of these places and can't find anyone to introduce him; what does he do then?'

'Asks the nearest cop,' was his reply; 'he'll give him a card to some place handy!' A 'cop,' as our film-trained youth will tell us, is a policeman: a guardian of public morals. There was one outside this 'speakeasy's' door as we made our exit; he looked ostentatiously the other way as we emerged and my guide, who had taken six straight 'doubles,' staggered a little in entering his car. As we passed the 'cop,' my friend said, 'I've left you one there, Mac!' (Every policeman in New York answers to the name of 'Mac.')

'That's all right, chief,' said the policeman, and went immediately to collect it.

That night's journals contained reports of the padlocking of twenty-seven 'speakeasies' in the Broadway district of New York—'padlocking' being American for raiding and closing. Having already acquired a smattering of the language, I asked my cicerone, 'How come?'

'A sop thrown to the purists,' was his reply. 'These "speakeasies" haven't been punctual with their safety money.' Which means, in plain English, that the customary bribe payable to the local police authorities for noninterference had been delayed. So one other result of the Volstead Act in America, apart from its encouraging otherwise temperate folk to drink to excess just out of a spirit of daring, is to increase the corruption of the police force, which has always been more or less corrupt, but is now infinitely more so, because of the increased opportunities offered.

THE next morning I went to have my shoes cleaned. Though, in an American hotel, the management will provide you with a free daily paper laid at your door, it will not ensure the cleaning of your shoes. Perched up high on one of those luxurious street-corner thrones devoted to the shoe-polishing cult I was earwitness to a conversation between a client, a workingman—actually a truck-driver—and a Greek shoeblack.

'Gee, no, I ain't worryin' nothing about Prohibition,' the artisan declared in the usual loud voice necessary to make one's self heard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

above the surging roar of the city's traffic. 'The way things goes now it's easy. I got a razz on last night I ain't shook off nothing to speak of yet; an' I bet this hangover sticks till night. Look at it the way I do. S'pose we'd been free—well, I'd likely have had a schooner o' beer along with the boys an' let it go at that. But it ain't free, so see what I done. One gallon commercial alcohol costs six dollars, see? Dilute that with another gallon water; that's two gallons good, get-there hooch, ain't it? Fifty cents' wuth flavoring essence from any store makes that two gallons anything you like to name—rum, gin, Scotch or brandy. Two gallons pain-killer for six dollars fifty an' oh, boy, how it does touch the spot! Makes you rarin' mad, so's you feel like pullin' the foist cop's nose you see!'

This statement, in view of the fact that Prohibition is lessening the alcoholic consumption among the working classes, is worth analyzing. Assuming that out of two gallons of spirit—at least equal in alcoholic content to the underproof spirit sold in British inns—twelve ordinary spirit bottles can be filled; and that each bottle contains one dozen 'doubles,' it means that, for the sum of $6.50, one hundred and forty-four considerable tots of liquor can be obtained, which, reduced to detail, means that one double measure costs about four and a half cents, as compared with our British one shilling and fourpence. It may be argued that a workingman cannot afford to expend an initial sum of $6.50, and that, if pure commercial alcohol is not sold in quantities of less than one gallon, the workingman is consequently below the temptation line. But $6.50 is an average day's pay for an American artisan. And there is absolutely nothing to prevent a dozen men combining forces, buying the requisite materials at a cost of something slightly over fifty cents apiece, and in return securing twelve double slugs of liquor, enough to render the hardest-headed man raving mad with intoxication.

In this respect, then, Prohibition in America is a joke. A sad, sorry, and hypocritical joke, perhaps, but still a joke. A joke that has created a race of defiant drinkers in place of a race of reasonable drinkers; and that has already increased crimes of violence by over four hundred per cent! It has, moreover, increased immorality to an extent that no statistics can deal with because it is so secret and yet so frequent and universal as to take away the thoughtful student's breath. For indulgence to an unusual extent in such liquor as is commonly vended in America makes for immorality—especially among young girls, as I propose to show.

PROHIBITION—forbiddance! Having occasion to 'throw a party,' I took an acquaintance into confidence, not wishing to commit any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gaucheries against the accepted social code. I was residing in an hotel of unimpeachable respectability, a city resort of visiting bishops and university professors, with a preponderance of grave, extremely businesslike women, all of whom pursued some vocation or other, since housekeeping occupied them not. I suggested a seemly dinner party with a theatre to follow, but this idea was vetoed. The dinner, yes; a good idea. But first there must be a cocktail party, so that everything would go with the requisite swing. Cocktails meant liquor; the hotel was, so far as I knew, drier than the driest patch in the Sahara.

'That's all right,' said my tutor, and got himself to the telephone in my room, spoke a number, and talked for two minutes. In seven counted minutes a page brought up a parcel—six bottles of gin. The price of the six bottles was ten dollars, whereas in Britain it would have been £3 15s. The promptness of service was astonishing. That liquor was not procured from the hotel but from my friend's own private bootlegger. Maybe it was not gin according to our standards; it was synthetic stuff, but it smelt like gin, it tasted like gin, and it had the intoxicating effect of gin; mixed with cocktail concomitants, it left nothing whatever to be desired. But, in a 'speakeasy,' to buy one single measure of the stuff would have cost seventy-five cents. Which goes to show that Prohibition in America is not in any way making the people sober, but that it is indubitably enriching the retailer. He claims as the excuse for his inordinate profiteering that his expenses in graft are so great that he cannot afford to sell at a smaller price; though the wholesale bootlegger, who, presumably, pays exactly as much in bribery, can afford to sell it at a price low enough to warrant any honest man getting comfortably drunk at half the price it would cost in this country.

I was told that I could get as much gin as I wanted—enough to float a battleship, indeed—at the same price. But if I wanted a bottle of genuine Scotch whiskey, I must be prepared to pay $12.50 for it; and, when I experimented, I got a bottle which, outwardly, looked for all the world like the real thing, damp-labeled and smelling of salt water and bilges, to add verisimilitude to the story told that it had been smuggled ashore from a liner, whose engineers ran a profitable side line in contraband alcohol, which they concealed in the stenchful bilges beneath the engine room. Of course, it was not genuine Scotch whiskey; it was as synthetic as my cheaper gin. Indeed, close investigation showed that a neat hole had been drilled in the bottle's bottom, the original contents extracted, commercial, flavored alcohol substituted, and a neat drop of molten glass applied to fill the trifling aperture.

TO REVERT to my party, given to savants and highbrows of the city of New York, men and women whom it was a sheer delight to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meet. The women vied with the men in eagerness to consume alcohol in intoxicating quantities, and considered it a matter for praise, first, to discuss previous parties at which they had attained intoxication, secondly, to attempt to beat all previous records. In wet England I have never, even in the slums, seen women drink liquor to the extent those American ladies did. Yet, prior to Prohibition, not one of them had even shown a vicarious interest in alcohol, beyond taking a permissible glass of wine with a meal, or a liqueur afterward. Similarly with the men: a glass of beer during the forenoon, perhaps, another with lunch, and a trifling amount of wine at dinner made the sum of their indulgence. They didn't know why they drank now, except that drink was forbidden fruit and so enhanced in value.

After dinner, which for the sake of the hotel's repute was teetotal, without so much as a hip flask being brought into requisition, fresh cocktails were provided. Then an adjournment to a theatre was suggested, but vetoed. A better substitute was offered—to go to Harlem to a negro cabaret. But nothing of an intoxicating nature was to be purchased at that cabaret, that was plainly understood; however, since liquor helped enjoyment, it must be secretly taken to the resort. That meant a fresh telephone application to the obliging bootlegger, who replied as promptly and satisfactorily as before—at exactly the same price.

To Harlem, then, the party adjourned; to the cabaret where full-blooded negroes were masters. I was hesitant, but the matter had long since been taken out of my hands. I was afraid to let men of color see refined and cultured white ladies in such an intoxicated condition as were some of my guests. But their menfolk—husbands, fiancés, and brothers—saw no objection; they seemed rather proud of the fact that these ladies were 'regular fellows.'

The Harlem cabaret was a riot of maddening jazz. A superlative troupe of colored dancers gave a most excellent show. Practically every visitor was drunk. Refined women behaved in an abandoned way impossible to describe. The colored waiters brought gassy mineral waters, charging excessively; but as the price of these soft drinks included the cost of the entertainment, the price was not to be grumbled at. Every glass was plentifully laced with gin. The only concession to Prohibition demanded was that the liquor should not be paraded; on getting up to dance, the ladies' cloaks must be drawn over the bottles. Policemen—senior officers—looked on, and were not above accepting any drink that was offered to them. White ladies danced with negroes; white men whose brains controlled public policy and thought danced with colored women. The blare and drive of the marvelous orchestra would have caused the mummy of Rameses to dance. Restraints went by the board completely. We were invited, at a later hour, by colored

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waiters, to remove certain ladies who were in such a thoroughly inebriated condition as to be constituting themselves public nuisances!

Now, no doubt, similar scenes can be witnessed in London, or Glasgow, any evening, at the less reputable restaurants and night clubs; though I doubt if our British pundits would take their wives to low resorts frequented by negroes and associate with them unrestrainedly, permitting their wives to dance with them. But New York was dry—and the daily papers each morning contained sincere assurances that Prohibition was an unqualified success! Successful in breeding a race of hypocrites, yes. Successful in diminishing the consumption of rotgut alcohol and in restoring a nation's self-respect and productivity, no.

ONE of the greatest tragedies of Prohibition, so far as my experience in America went, is the effect it is having on young manhood and especially on young womanhood. The average middle-class American young girl esteems it an excellent thing to get comprehensively intoxicated on every possible occasion. American fiction, so far from deploring the drunken habits of its youth, seems to applaud them, and flatters youth's vanity to the extent of publishing journals which specialize in what they are pleased to call sophistication, which means an uncanny, indecent sex knowledge and an ability to carry a skinful of liquor without collapsing unconditionally. We, in a wet country, where drink is obtainable at specified hours, cannot understand the American point of view toward Prohibition. To get drunk is no social offense whatsoever. Wives are proud to say that their husbands are suffering from 'hangovers' as a result of a previous night's debauch. Husbands encourage their wives to get drunk in their company, in their own homes! Young girls are permitted by their parents to go out on these cocktail parties, unchaperoned; and since the entrance of alcohol usually means the exit of restraint, the consequences are better imagined than mentioned.

'Petting parties' have grown up as a result of Prohibition to a great extent. Boys and girls of eighteen, and even less, are allowed to associate in privacy, with skinfuls of liquor; and the consequences are inevitable. But this aspect of Prohibition is one best glossed over, though the divorce statistics of America are illuminating when cause and effect are studied in correlation.

Prohibition has meant a general lowering in standards, which is explained away as indicating a growth of true democracy. But the man or woman of intellect and purpose does not associate with the underworld simply because of a real desire for friendliness, but because it is the underworld that controls the liquor trade, and to get drink you must give comradely treatment to its purveyors, otherwise you may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left thirsty! Prohibition has simply canonized the criminal—since evasion of the law is a crime, and bootleggers are men to be cultivated and kotowed to. Instead of decreasing drunkenness, Prohibition has increased it in a most virulent form. Twenty years ago, in discussing the question of British alcoholism—in especial degree Scottish alcoholism—with me, an eminent doctor from north of the Tweed said, 'It isn't the quantity of whiskey a man drinks, but the quality, that makes for ruin. Not a drop of whiskey ought to be sold in this country under seven years old.' Seven days is a ripe old age for American bootleg whiskey!

Secrecy is not essential for the procuration of alcohol in America, if you know where to go. Certain establishments are wide open—anyone with the money to spend can enter and drink his—or her—fill of any beverage fancy demands. These establishments enjoy police protection in a pronounced degree; and, of course, pay highly for it; but the profits are so enormous that bribery is only a trifle in the general overhead expenses.

Twenty-five years ago, when my duty took me to American ports regularly once a month, I was seldom witness to outward drunkenness, except, perhaps, among the visiting seafarers, who used to get intoxicated wherever they were, in London, Shanghai, Cape Town, or New York. In those days saloons were conducted in a seemly manner, and people entered them for convivial companionship, not to get drunk in record time. Furthermore, drunkenness as such was frowned upon as bringing a place into disrepute. Now it is all altered. If you can sell a man liquor at seventy-five cents a glass instead of at fifteen, the drunker he gets, the better your profit. Men are encouraged to inordinate indulgence.

The private householder, instead of placing an order with his wine merchant for a dozen bottles of good wine, now orders a dozen bottles of synthetic gin from his bootlegger; and in place of the orderly dinner party, with enlivening and enlightening conversation, is a hectic cocktail party, where everyone naturally overindulges in a liquor that saps away mind and body, to say nothing of the soul.

In my ultrarespectable hotel, frequented, as I have said, by irreproachable clients, I was asked by the management if my party had been a success. I replied that everyone had complimented me excessively. The manager, who had the aspect of a church dignitary, said, 'Next time you throw a party, don't trouble to phone for hooch, just tell one of the pages; he'll bring you all you want, at the right price!'

SIMILAR instances could be elaborated *ad infinitum*. So far from Prohibition having decreased drunkenness in America, it has increased it out of all proportion. It has made a very ordinary event—getting a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drink—a clandestine adventure, and that is a sure way to appeal to youth as well as to middle and old age. It has stamped alcohol as forbidden fruit, and in consequence enhanced its value. It has promoted a deplorable habit into a laudable one. It has been an attempt to interfere with the liberty of a people, and that people has shown that it will not be interfered with. It has created a new and reprehensible industry —bootlegging—which is among the first five of the country's most profitable commercial ventures; it has bred up a whole train of criminal associations which depend for their very existence on the illicit employment of alcohol. It has done exactly what its advocates claim it has prevented—it has spread the indulgence in alcohol far beyond all reasonable limits. It may have made the workingman more sober—though that, my experience proved to me, it has by no means done; but it has inculcated habits of indiscipline and overindulgence in that very class of humanity which is likely to suffer most from these errors: the brain-using class. Alcohol may exert a deleterious effect on the physical laborer, but he can at least sweat it out of his system by manual work; the brain worker cannot, and his mentality is being appreciably sapped away. But, to my way of thinking, the greatest tragedy of Prohibition in America is its effect on the immediate generation of adolescence, the potential fathers and mothers of to-day and to-morrow. To them intoxication is no vice whatsoever; and one trembles to think what the children—if any are born—will be like! Unless the young men see visions the nation dies! How can a brain muddled by synthetic alcohol see constructive visions when its principal focus is toward the destruction of established law?

The grotesque feature of it all is that in the wine-drinking and non-Prohibition countries drunkenness is everywhere on the wane. Only in 'dry' America is it increasing by leaps and bounds, and, side by side with it, the terrible crimes of violence of which we in Europe seldom hear.

To forbid a thing is to establish a sense of injury and a craving to indulge in the forbidden. To introduce Prohibition into Britain would be to advance our country materially on the road to destruction. We are an increasingly sober nation; but Prohibition would inevitably make us an increasingly drunken race. Sane, well-controlled freedom is infinitely better than the grotesque farce of Prohibition for any country which has its existence rooted in the common sense of its people.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brockdorff-Rantzau headed the German delegation at Versailles in 1919, refused to sign the Peace Treaty, and later became Ambassador to Soviet Russia. He died defeated but his opinions may yet triumph and in any case still represent a force to be seriously reckoned with in present-day Germany.

BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU

By MAURICE MURET

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*
Paris Chauvinist Daily

WE STILL REMEMBER the furor that Count Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau caused at Versailles in 1919 when the peace treaty was being negotiated. Invited by Clemenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George to recognize the peace terms that were being imposed on the Reich, this German foreign minister revolted against what he called impossible conditions and refused to sign a treaty that acknowledged his country's defeat. His dramatic attitude naturally won him great popularity in his native land, even among certain people who prided themselves on taking a more realistic view of things than the Nationalists did. When Brockdorff-Rantzau had made this great refusal and hastened to Weimar, where the National Assembly was in session, he was received with enthusiastic acclaim by the irreconcilables and chauvinists. Herr Stresemann, who had not become a minister, congratulated Brockdorff-Rantzau as enthusiastically as any politician present and positively threw himself into his arms.

Such is the story told by Edgar Stern-Rubarth, a well-known German publicist, who has just written a highly interesting biography, published by Reimar Hobbing in Berlin, of the hero of this great refusal to sign the Versailles Treaty. If we are to believe Herr Stern-Rubarth,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and we are compelled to do so, Brockdorff-Rantzau came to Versailles with the most surprising illusions. He expected during that May of 1919 to receive Austria, no more and no less, from the hands of the Allied Powers. He told his colleagues: 'The right of nations to self-determination, the programme of the Allied Powers, Wilson's Fourteen Points, and the clearly expressed wish of the Austrians make it a duty for the Allied negotiators to cede us Austria.' His disillusionment was complete. Pale with emotion and trembling with rage, the head of the German delegation replied with a trenchant negative to the invitations of the three statesmen, whom he described as Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, the three judges of the infernal regions.

ERZBERGER, a much more intelligent and malicious man, had charitably warned the head of the German delegation of the obstacle he was about to encounter, for Erzberger cherished the singular ambition of wishing to preside himself over the German delegation at Versailles, as he had presided in person over the commission that signed the Armistice. Furthermore, Erzberger took a much more accommodating attitude than Brockdorff-Rantzau, to whom he said, 'We must admit all their grievances and they will pardon us.' Such a policy, however, merely exasperated the German foreign minister, who had decided to admit nothing and to take no blame. Brockdorff-Rantzau adopted the view that Germany was no more responsible for the War than the Allied Powers were. He attributed the catastrophe to a long succession of sins and errors committed by the chancelleries of the various governments in power.

Other nations had not cared to recognize the necessity that had driven Germany to seek raw materials and markets outside her own frontiers, to provide herself, in a word, with nourishment for her children. The need had arisen to distribute or redistribute territories outside of Europe, and this was just what the adversaries of Germany had refused to do, and what Germany had not known how to force them to do. To attribute the origin of the Great War to the assassination at Serajevo and to the subsequent violation of Belgium was in Brockdorff-Rantzau's eyes to fail entirely to understand the great European policy pursued under William II. Naturally this rigorously orthodox diplomat looked upon Erzberger's more reasonable mentality as monstrous. Everything about his colleague, including his attitude and his personality, seemed undesirable and undesired, and Herr Stern-Rubarth undoubtedly hits the nail on the head when he attributes Brockdorff-Rantzau's hostility to Erzberger as being due to the petty bourgeois character of the latter. As an insolent, conceited *grand seigneur*, Brockdorff-Rantzau got along better even with real revolutionists, authentic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bolsheviks, and people of low birth than with men of the type of Matthias Erzberger—thick-set, ruddy, jovial, vulgar, *arriviste*, and opportunist.

THE Brockdorff-Rantzaus are a noble and ancient line, one of whose members, incidentally, served France loyally under Louis XIV. He distinguished himself at Rocroi, received sixty wounds, and lost an eye, an arm, and a leg, which won him the title of marshal in 1645. A portrait of him painted after he had been invested with this title hangs in the Palace of Versailles, where his descendant had an opportunity to contemplate it and to give himself over to meditations as bitter as they were philosophic. The Brockdorff-Rantzaus trace their origins back to the twelfth century. German, Danish, and Italian blood runs in their veins. Their family estate, situated in Schleswig-Holstein, is called Annettenhöhe. It was there that Count Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau, the hero of Versailles, was born, it was there that he died, and there that he was buried. Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau was a bachelor and a confirmed bachelor, as they say. A passionate devotee of diplomacy, he declared that he had no time to give to a woman or to bringing up a family. He had a twin brother and an old mother whom he adored, but he appears to have been even more devoted to his profession, his career.

Two years before the War, in May, 1912, William II sent him to Copenhagen as German minister and it was there that he remained throughout the War. From 1914 to 1918 all his vigilance and all his labor were devoted to the problem of coal and he comported himself with the greatest skill. The delicate questions with which he had been dealing put him in contact with Ebert and Scheidemann and all the leaders of the new régime when the Empire collapsed. He was not slow in winning their confidence. Ever since his early days, Brockdorff-Rantzau had affected a democratic spirit, if not a democratic way of life. He loved luxury and lived in it. He never forgot what was due his rank, but he used to pose as a friend of the people and professed a sympathy with certain tenets dear to the hearts of Socialists. He was known as the 'Red Count,' just as a certain Prince Schönaich-Carolath, a member of the Reichstag during the War, had himself called the 'Red Prince.' This original rôle helped Brockdorff-Rantzau to realize his ambitions when William II abdicated. Within a month Scheidemann summoned him to the Wilhelmstrasse as foreign minister.

In a speech that still remains famous he outlined his programme before the Weimar Assembly: 'I hope to show you that a man can be both a count and a democrat. Democracy does not mean the domination of the masses as such. Only the élite should dominate and lead.' This programme had nothing very revolutionary or socialistic about it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, the events that followed showed that the new German foreign minister, however modern he may have believed himself to be, remained too devoted to the old régime to be able to direct the destinies of his country, which had been republicanized, democratized, and transformed from top to bottom. Immediately after his outburst at Versailles he ostentatiously retired to private life and endeavored to subdue his lively emotions on his native estate of Annettenhöhe.

HE DID not stay there long, however, for the Socialist, Ebert, appointed him German ambassador to Soviet Russia in 1922. The 'Red Count' was transported to the heights of bliss. In Moscow he would have nothing more to do with those petty bourgeois whom he detested and who were poisoning his country; he would meet real Socialists, real proletarians. But all the Bolshevist leaders were not so Bolshevistic as he had hoped and the first interview between Brockdorff-Rantzau and Chicherin did not lack a piquant touch. 'Permit me to tell you,' observed the Russian statesman, 'that we hesitated a little before ratifying the choice of a count, a former diplomat of the Kaiser, as ambassador to Soviet Russia.'

'Monsieur Chicherin,' replied Brockdorff-Rantzau, 'before coming here I took a look at your family annals. A descendant of Narishkine, and in consequence, of Rurik, seems to me ill-qualified to reproach me for my feudal origins.'

This frank confession of two renegades, the Russian a renegade in fact, the German, in form, broke the ice that was threatening to impair their relations. They exchanged significant smiles, and understood each other perfectly from that moment until the summer of 1928, when Brockdorff-Rantzau had to leave Moscow on account of angina pectoris, of which he soon died in Annettenhöhe.

In accepting the German ambassadorship to Soviet Russia, he declared, 'I believe that one can repair at Moscow the harm done at Versailles.' Brockdorff-Rantzau's plan was gradually to attract Soviet Russia into the orbit of republican Germany. Soviet Russia lacked administrators, organizers, technicians. Germany would provide them all and Russia would thus become economically dependent on the Reich. Such close bonds would thus be established by the two countries that they would be riveted together. Their joined mass was going to weigh heavily in the balance of European destiny. Between them they would be able to make Western Europe dance to their piping and would have a good laugh.

Brockdorff-Rantzau worked for this plan with the same ardor that he put into everything he did, an ardor fanned by the ferocious hatred he had conceived against the victorious powers. In promoting this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause he advertised his deep sympathy with the Soviets, but during his sojourn at Moscow he gave but slight evidence of this feeling. He always rode in a carriage, interested himself solely in his work of political vengeance, and gave political receptions famous for their display of ancient silverware, glittering crystal, and obsequious servants. He was less than sixty when he died, but he died without regret. He watched with extreme displeasure the evolution of Stresemann, who took charge of Germany's foreign policy and finally steered the country into the League of Nations. He thought this policy of condescension toward Western Europe was absurd. As he was breathing his last he murmured to his brother, 'I have accomplished nothing that I wanted and everything good that I have planned has been scuttled. I ought to have handed in my resignation when Germany made her premature entrance into the League of Nations.' He then found just enough breath to add, 'There is only one thing that infuriates me. It is the thought of the joy that the English and French will exhibit when they learn of my death.'

But on this point, as on several others, Brockdorff-Rantzau was mistaken. The newspapers in the Allied countries described the part that he had played in the world and his own personality in utterly correct language. Moreover, it can well be said at the present time that his death was not precisely a great misfortune. His policy aimed to widen every gulf, to increase every misunderstanding. Really, there are better things to do in this world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are two Arcadias—one of literature, the other of reality. We present here the lively experiences of a visiting Austrian who came to grips with the modern Greeks on their native heath and found few of them bearing gifts.

Adventure in ARCADIA

By FRANZ SPUNDA

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

MANY PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS must be cleared away before we begin to understand Arcadia. It is, in a sense, a land of amorous shepherds, yet it is nothing like the Arcadia of literature. At first glance it does not seem very different from any other Greek highland, but it has a character of its own. One breathes its sharp air more freely; its distant horizon is crystal-clear. The sea wind that sweeps over the rest of Greece is cut off by the surrounding mountains, so that Arcadia has an almost continental climate. It is a wooded country and the countless springs that bubble forth, even in summer, keep the land from having the desolate appearance of other Greek plateaus. Man has, it is true, laid waste our literary conception, but the country itself he has left untouched and for this reason actual Arcadia is the same as it has always been: the Great God Pan has not yet died here.

The Arcadian tableland is so impassable that even to-day it remains cut off from the rest of the world. Only one railroad penetrates its borders. From Bilali, a stop on the Corinth-Kalamata line, a few miles of rail go to Megalopolis, the ancient capital of Arcadia. Many maps, to be sure, show a railroad cutting across the land from Megalopolis to northern Achaia, but this line is not actually in existence. There was only enough money to trace it out on paper.

In Megalopolis I am surprised by the unexpected sight of two automobiles. In answer to my question whether there are roads to upper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arcadia, one of the drivers assures me that there have been for a year, and begins singing the praises of his car, a superannuated Ford. The journey to Andritsena formerly took two days, but now one can get there in four to five hours. The fare is cheap, so I decide to go. A crowd of loafers stares at me as I wait, for the automobile will not leave for some time yet. First tubs of soft soap and baskets of cackling hens are packed tight in every direction, a bale of corrugated sheet iron is added, and a bundle of scythes slipped under the axles. I have to shrink modestly into a corner. Then a man comes and talks with the driver and both disappear. After an hour they appear again with an old woman carrying a baby. The child has just been operated on, and they beg me to let it go along. The woman sits down on the driver's seat with the whimpering infant, and another hour elapses. It will soon be evening, and the train arrived at three o'clock. Now a man comes and sits down next to me without so much as a 'by your leave.' Two boys squat precariously on either running board.

FINALLY the Ford sputters, blows its horn deafeningly, and rattles out of the town. The bundles at once come loose, and a tub of soap falls off in front of the yawning semicircle of the ancient amphitheatre of Megalopolis, which gives me a chance to examine it. The tiers are almost perfectly preserved, but the ruin seems prosaic, uninspired. The winged Dionysian spirit is lacking, and the theatre does not fit into its surroundings. It gives the impression of having been built for political purposes and seems more like Roman than Greek work. And I miss the sublime view that contributes more than anything else to the charm of Dionysus.

I therefore feel that I am not missing much when the driver calls me back after a short interval. The car now shoots with doubled speed across a wide plateau, over which a veil of haze is slowly spreading. Corn, tobacco, madder, and spelt are growing in the poorly irrigated soil. In the midst of open fields the driver sets down the old woman with the child; from here she has only an hour's journey to her cottage. The two boys have dropped off the car without anyone's noticing their disappearance.

The sun is already hanging low over the darkening mountains. Their glowing rims kindle the low-lying clouds, which stand fixed like a wall of light. The reflection turns the near-by hills dark purple and the madder fields are as green as clear mountain lakes. It is like the picture of a painter who uses the strongest contrasts and revels in the most unreal colors. A tiny stream near the road glows like molten lava. Other brooks, the sources of the Alpheius, join it. We pass by villages, and when we stop for a drink of fresh water the remaining passenger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tells everything he knows about me—'A foreigner who is planning to go from Andritsena to the sea.' I am offered a drink made from the husks of grapes, at which I must say, '*Stin i jya sas!*' ('To your health!'). A playful fellow takes it into his head to blow our horn, whereat every dog in the village rushes at us, baying in diabolic concert.

ON WE go in the dying day. The wall of fire in the west breaks up into black cloud fragments and suddenly collapses. A cool breath of air passes over the land. Before us in the ebbing light there rises a Valhalla, an unbelievably lofty citadel with proudly turreted bastions. It is Karytaena, the mightiest fortress of the Middle Ages. Godfrey of Villehardouin, conqueror of the Peloponnesus, built it at the beginning of the thirteenth century to overawe Morea. Its gray-turreted walls are weighed down with all the grandeur of chivalry. No other citadel of feudal Greece is as magnificent a sight—neither Acrocorinth, built by the Venetians, nor Livadia, nor Palmidhi of Nauplia, commanding the sea. What the Acropolis is to ancient Greece, Karytaena is to mediæval Greece. A former nest of robber barons directly above the rust-red ravine of the Alpheius, through which the river has eaten its way as though through a canyon, it is a heroic vision of barbarous Gothic might.

I take a last look at the basalt citadel and at the Alpheius, roaring through its dark ravine, as we enter a thick wood and are suddenly enveloped in blackest night. We can no longer see the road, but with the sureness of a sleepwalker the driver takes the car close by precipices, over thundering streams, and around the countless turns that the road makes in its zigzag course across the mountainside. The headlights of the Ford get their current from the motor and will only burn when it is running fast, so that we rush along with the greatest possible speed in order to have light. I close my eyes as we proceed on this breakneck witches' journey, expecting disaster at any moment. However, all goes well. Dogs begin to bark and my fellow passenger gets out. We are in Andritsena.

It is pitch-dark, starless night. Under the village plane tree by a murmuring brook men are sitting drinking coffee by the piercing blue light of an arc lamp. After brief greetings I am led into the inn, where a man named Christopulos gives me shelter for the night. My desire to ride on from here by way of the temple of Apollo and Phigalia to the west coast of the Peloponnesus causes him to shake his head. 'That's too difficult a trip. Ride to the temple and then back. That's what all foreigners do. There is no road going to the west coast.' At once I become curious to see Arcadia at its wildest. But he is ready with another pretext—from now until the grape harvest no one can spare any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

donkeys. That does him no good, I stick to my resolution, whereupon he goes out to the plane tree and brings one of the men back with him. 'This man has a beast free and knows the way to Kaiapha.' We bend over the map and look for the place. The route does not go through the Lycaeus Mountains, which are only touched upon, but it does go through craggy valleys and passes. I am satisfied and make a contract with him.

AT SUNRISE there is a knocking on my door. 'Get up!' commands my guide. When I get a good look at him I see that he is an insolent-looking fellow, and he orders me about with little ceremony. He won't tell me his name and buys at my expense, without asking me, all kinds of preserves and some bottles of wine. That makes an ominous impression, and I would much rather have another guide, but a contract is a contract. To get in his good graces, I offer him a package of cigarettes, but he refuses them brusquely, and at once starts smoking his own. We are scarcely out of the place when he calls a halt, ladles out some of my preserves, and drinks a bottle of wine. That gives me leisure to admire the valley of Andritsena, which is a flourishing orchard of all the southern fruit and nut trees—apples, pears, walnuts, mulberries, chestnuts, and tender apricots, growing round and ripe in the warmth of the sun. On all sides little brooks are hurrying down into the valley, and the morning mist floats in white shreds over the little white houses on the opposite hillside. An exquisite fragrance, fresh, soft, and melting, drifts upward from a grove of pomegranates.

A little farther on I find myself in a graveyard. Dilapidated crosses, often only a piece of board with a crudely painted inscription, mark the location of the tombs, which have long since been covered by earth. Privet bushes are matted together with rhododendron and eucalyptus, and above these jut up wine-red spikes of amarynth. A peaceful air of renunciation hovers over this garden of the dead.

My guide has finished his meal and urges both myself and his donkey to hasten onward. Another bottle is emptied. He follows me gasping and cursing as we make our way through a barren gorge. Knarled ancient oak trees hung with silver lichen cluster together in small groups and gradually become more numerous until they form themselves into a thick forest above us. The solitude of the place grips me, yet it bears no resemblance to any woods in Germany. The trees have no wavy moss growing on them and there is no oppressive smell of decaying leaves. The trunks of the oaks assume fantastic shapes as if they had borrowed the structure and character of olive trees instead of assuming their usual appearance. Herds of bleating goats are pasturing off the low bushes, and one of these hungry animals has balanced him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self gracefully on a sloping tree trunk. The picture is so bizarre that even my surly guide cannot refrain from laughing. Sheep dogs approach and sniff us curiously.

AND now the landscape becomes increasingly green and thick clusters of red sweet-william form bright spots of color. A gentle fragrance of hay and of Alpine pastures impregnates the air. We have still to surmount a lofty hill and then make our way down a rugged defile before reaching a flat plateau, but the pillars of the temple are gleaming before me. As I survey the mountain peaks of Arcadia my heart expands. Not a trace of human life is to be seen, but God is close at hand in the mighty hills and valleys.

The temple of Apollo at Bassae stands before me, the highest situated and most solitary of all Greek temples. The Acropolis of Athens, surrounded by a sea of houses, is more charming, but Bassae grips one's heart in a peculiar fashion, for here two thousand years have passed without leaving a trace behind them, and everything is as it always was. A silence of unspeakable sadness prevails. Only the roof and a single column of the temple are lacking; everything else is intact. The remote situation of the shrine has protected it from plundering intruders. Even two thousand years ago it was completely cut off from the world and it was not rediscovered until toward the end of the eighteenth century, when a visiting Frenchman came upon it by chance. Soon afterward its entire frieze was sent to the British Museum.

The isolation of this place has created a very different Apollo from the god of Delphi and of Delos. There he radiates an atmosphere of rapture, while here he is in a state of utter restfulness, of dreaming sunshine and motionless awe. The penetrating odor of mountain weeds and the distant perfumes of the forest impart a salutary fragrance to the clean air. We have no idea what rituals and sacrifices were performed at Bassae. Apollo did not manifest himself through escaping natural gas as he did at Delphi. Purely a healer, not a soothsayer, he wrought his cures under the light of the open sky that still shines down on all sides of the temple.

Ictinus, the same man who built the Parthenon, was the architect of this temple, but Arcadia boasted no gorgeous marble and a special kind of limestone had to be used instead. The orientation of this temple is peculiar. It does not box the compass but is build on foundations dating back to Pelasgian times, before the Greek religious concept of east and west had been established. The inside of this temple, with its half-crumbling pillars, deadens the whispering of the mountain wind. A stillness prevails here such as one could never find in any Christian church, the stillness of light. There is nothing here but warm stone, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

above it the eternal blue of the heavens. A low, indescribable aroma seems to emanate from the temple itself. The surrounding landscape is cut into sections as one surveys it through the peristyle. The view between each pair of pillars presents a different picture—the blue mountains of Erymanthus in the north, the Taygetus Mountains in the south, in the east a dizzying succession of lofty peaks, and to the west a distant inkling of the sea concealed behind fluffy clouds. An hour passes and the wind drops entirely, but a dark cloud is gathering in the east. A young shepherd suddenly appears and offers me dried lavender and mint. I point anxiously to the clouds and he says, 'It will rain soon.' Lightning has already begun to flash and the sun disappears behind a thick mist that turns the pillars of the temple white.

My guide has slept off his drunkenness—the second bottle is empty—and is in a hurry to leave. He treats me as complainingly as if I were his servant, and when I politely ask him to cease his protest he replies, 'Whom does the donkey belong to, you or me? If you do not go when I do, I will leave you alone.' He looks as if he were about to depart and I take leave of the holy spot and set myself on the donkey's back.

TOWARD midday we arrive at a deserted village called Dragoi. All of its inhabitants are spending the summer in the open country with their herds. We knock at every door and finally out of one of them there emerges a young woman who inspects us with an unfriendly eye. We ask if we can get fruit and wine and she shakes her head, which signifies an affirmative answer in the Orient, and brings us what we ask for. My guide replenishes his empty wine vessel while I eat the pears, as well as a slice of melon, that he hands me. 'We can spend the night here,' he announces. As it is only two o'clock I remonstrate. 'Can't we get a little further on our way toward Phigalia?' He mutters something under his breath but consents and I again mount the donkey.

We now make our way along a dried river bed through the mountains and presently find ourselves in a valley that we have passed through before. I recognize that my guide does not know the way. Luckily we meet some shepherds who put us on the right path and we are fortunate enough to reach the village of Phigalia, where my guide drinks at a well and informs me that he must rest. I summon a boy who is standing near at hand and engage him to show me the remains of the old Arcadian city that once stood here. Only a few of its walls are still standing; the rest is confused ruins. The scene resembles that at Bassae, only the temple here faces eastward and its southern extremity surveys the wide valley of Messenia. The air grows more oppressive and the clouds hang low, but not a drop of rain falls.

I clamber through a growth of thorny bushes over the walls of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town, but my boy is summoned back by his father and I, too, must return to the village and my guide. I am surprised to find that he does not wish to spend the night here. 'It is all full of bugs,' he explains categorically. What has suddenly made him so brisk and talkative? He prattles along on every possible subject and reveals an entirely new eagerness. He maintains this attitude while we pass over another high plateau down through another forest and across a meadow redolent of lavender. He points out the few little villages that can be detected in the distance—Mustapha, Terasi, Kuvelo. But in a few minutes their names change and Mustapha appears on a new site. This is certainly the first time he has ever been in this neighborhood and I suspect that something evil is afoot. Finally the tone of his conversation changes abruptly and he tells me that he does not know the way to Kaiapha, but that he will take me to Buzi. What can I do? We arrive near a village whose name he does not know and that I cannot find on my map, yet he will not consider spending the night here. The first drops of rain have already begun to fall and a cloud as black as a raven's wing is gathering. My guide follows me cursing and gasping.

In front of us appears a vast gorge with a foaming torrent flowing through its black depths. A primeval forest of pines, yews, and maples covers the slopes of the gorge. 'We must go into the valley,' announces my guide, pulling me rudely from the donkey. 'You mustn't ride my good beast to death any longer,' he snorts; 'moreover, you have defrauded me. To make our way through this valley costs a hundred drachmas more.' He demands the money greedily and my hand unconsciously grips my pistol. But what use would it be to shoot this highway robber down? How could I find my way back to the haunts of men? I therefore yield quietly but am determined not to let him get any more out of me. He suspects this intention and decides to go farther. He has me in his power with his rugged oaken stick and I must at least be thankful that he does not make off with the donkey and leave me.

BUT my anger becomes as obdurate as the rumbling heavens. The rain has not yet begun to fall but a thick mist fills the valley. No Alpine gorge could be more impressive. Sweating from every pore, we climb through the forest over loose boulders, while above us thunder resounds from the low-hanging clouds.

At last we reach the foaming stream, where we rest for a moment to wash the perspiration off the donkey. Here I am in wildest Arcadia where apparently no foreigner has ever been before and at my side is a rogue who curses between his teeth, spitting out phrases of abusive dialect. The scene certainly bears small resemblance to an Arcadian pastoral play and I cannot help laughing aloud. My guide thinks this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughter applies to him and launches into a tirade against capitalism. I bow to his opinions out of pure boredom as he continues to lament the fact that he has to sweat himself and his animal to death for a few dirty drachmas. This chain of thought leads him to ask for another hundred or at least fifty drachmas, but his plea is unavailing. I draw my pistol gently out of my pocket and shout at him, 'Enough of this impudence! Forward march!' I do not care what happens for I am tried beyond endurance and determined to take every risk, but instead of objecting to me as I expected he silently complies.

The valley grows broader as we proceed and we are presently making our way along the flat gravel bed of the River Neda. Clouds of mosquitoes are dancing over slimy puddles in the red glow of evening. The clouds in the west have dispersed and the rays of the setting sun stream through them. Fields of corn cover the hillsides but no houses can be seen. Are there no villages here? My guide now informs me frankly that this is the first time he has ever been in this spot. Where shall we spend the night? With numbed senses we continue to tramp through this bare, rolling countryside and our donkey begins limping. Soon night will fall. We can see nothing but the soil beneath our feet.

A flapping windmill revives our hopes but there are no inhabitants about. I finally fire my gun, hoping to arouse somebody. We should be glad to batter our way into the mill but the windows and doors are firmly sealed. With sleep overwhelming us we continue to reel automatically along. Nine o'clock. There is a light on the distant hill. Is it a bright star? We find a ford and cross the stream, which has already become wide. The light has vanished but finally a thatched house appears. 'We'll break in and spend the night,' my companion asserts. I fire another shot, a dog barks, and we realize that there must be people near at hand. Finally we shout and a disheveled old man emerges from the underbrush and leads us to the village. He thought we were going to steal grapes and had hidden himself in the shrubbery to surprise us.

WITHIN less than half an hour we see houses ahead. Our shots have been heard and people are coming out to meet us with lanterns. They lead us to the *bakali*, the local shopkeeper. My guide, who has recovered his powers of speech, gives a fantastic account of the day's adventures, depicting himself as my most noble protector and the savior of my life. I describe his behavior and his various manœuvres and the whole town at once turns against me. Angry voices mutter, 'You have no witnesses, just try to find one. No judge will believe you.' This does not disturb me, however, and I am determined to bring the wretch to justice and to show that foreigners cannot be imposed upon. The night is dark now and I do not even know the name of this village. Listlessly, I devour the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains of the preserve that my guide has left for me. Ten pairs of evil eyes gleam at me. 'Now go to sleep,' says the *bakali* and takes me into his room. One look at the bed is enough. I make a place for myself on the floor and scatter a circle of insect powder about me and try to go to sleep, but in vain.

At dawn I see a vermilion sunrise over the mountains of the Neda gorge, while in the gorge itself there is a fantastic mist. My guide is still lying asleep on the bench of the store and has no thought of continuing our journey. As soon as the village folk appear he comes to life and begins to do business with them. They all shout figures and finally he determines upon a plan. Seedless grapes are so cheap here that he can take them back to Andritsena and sell them at double the price. Nothing can stop him now. He is in his element. He has forgotten all about Kaiapha and his agreement to take me there.

We continue our journey, however, along the river bed of the Neda and soon find ourselves surrounded by vineyards. He investigates all the vines and inquires about prices but buys nothing. This goes on for two hours, until finally we catch a glimpse of the sea and a little house with the sign, 'Buzi,' displayed upon it. He now demands to be paid the sum agreed upon and we are at once in the midst of a scene. 'Yes, when we arrive at Kaiapha!' I reply dully. That drives him into a frenzy and he abuses me vilely, but I do not give way. More out of regard for the business he hopes to do than from any consideration for me he agrees to take me north to the railway station. This journey leads us through some marvelous vineyards, but unfortunately he cannot buy any grapes for he has not any basket to put them in. He has his best chance to do business in the village of Tolon, but he has only the hundred drachmas that he forced me to give him. I continue to decline to pay him the whole sum we had agreed upon since he has not fulfilled his part of the contract.

More exclamations and the whole village gathers about us. The mayor appears and advises me to relent a little. Whole weeks might well pass before Christopulos could be made to bear witness in Andritsena as to whether Kaiapha were really the stipulated end of our journey, and I would have to stay there until the case began. The extra amount that I refuse to give him is seventy-five drachmas, about four marks. I therefore throw the full sum to the eager guide and he spits on it contemptuously but promptly seizes it, utters a few curses in his dialect, and returns victoriously to his grape business. Despised by the entire village, I sit down at table with a plate of ham before me and await the train.

So ended my adventure in Arcadia. But I do not regret it in spite of all its unpleasantness, for all the human meanness I encountered is dimmed by the vision of that pure Greek temple. Only by passing through Hades can one enjoy glimpses of the Elysian fields.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

American Unemployment

A LEADING EDITORIAL in the London *Times* discusses the problem of unemployment in the United States, pointing out that it has become a permanent feature of American life. The subject is one with which the British are more than familiar and the opinion of their foremost newspaper on such a matter may well be taken seriously:—

> A Mississippi flood, the collapse of a land 'boom' in Florida, and a stock-market crash, naturally and unescapably bring distress and enforced idleness in their wake, but the resiliency of the American social structure, the exceptional mobility of American labor, and the absolute control of industry over a domestic free-trade market of unknown consuming capacity would make complete recovery certain if no other factors were involved. The experience of recent years, however, has gone to prove that recovery is less and less complete after each crisis, and to show that forces other than the seasonal and accidental are at work. There is little reason to doubt that permanent unemployment is to-day the lot of an always growing number of American men and women. The number, considered in relation to a population of about 125,000,000, may not yet be large, but serious students are convinced that it is becoming slowly but steadily larger.
>
> This manifestation has two causes. First is the increasing perfection of the technical processes, the displacement of the man by the machine; and second is the implacable routine of the tasks which human beings must still perform. A full measure of efficiency is to be expected only of the comparatively young, and in the United States a man of fifty, once discharged from his job, finds it with each passing year more difficult to secure similar employment, or any employment which does not mean a serious reduction in earnings.
>
> The answer which is made by the apologists of the system is no longer altogether convincing. They admit that the mechanization of industry reduces the number of workers required for each unit of production, but this of itself, they assert, reduces the cost of production and the retail price, which in turn increases the demand for commodities, and thus brings about the reabsorption of the workers theoretically released and the calling of additional workers into production. If all these assumptions were supported by demonstrable facts there would be nothing left to say. But it is far from certain that retail prices in America fall as rapidly as the argument declares; it is still doubtful whether the increased production can always be absorbed; and it is a very large question whether new industries are created quickly enough to employ the displaced workers. In other words, it remains to be seen how far and how perilously the machine has run ahead of the man, and whether some readjustment of social conditions may not ultimately be imperative. The question drives like rain to the roots of American life. Organized labor in the United States has as yet no answer, save the movement, only now beginning, to write the five-day week into industrial practice, and this will progress slowly, if at all. Meanwhile there is need of machinery for the collection of accurate official data, as a prelude to the legislative treatment of the problem of unemployment, which even the most prosperous country on earth cannot indefinitely postpone.

Paul Morand Looks at Sinclair Lewis

THE TRANSLATION OF *Babbitt* into French has been accompanied by a blast from Paul Morand in behalf of its author, whom he compares to Flaubert. This is, of course, the highest praise that a Frenchman knows how to bestow, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Morand is familiar enough with the United States to recognize in Lewis something more than an Americanized version of a great European.

Like Babbitt, Sinclair Lewis finds the Middle West frightful, but he does not know how to dispense with it. He cannot live with it and he cannot live without it. To all the *palazzi* and chateaux of Europe he prefers a little bungalow on the flowery heights of Zenith, where, however, no flowers grow. He does not live on the Riviera like Edith Wharton. He does not become a naturalized Englishman like Henry James. He does not go bathing in the Mediterranean with Jean Cocteau like Glenway Wescott. It was high time for us to discover this writer who really loves his native soil. Between two generations of cosmopolitan Americans so near, indeed too near, to ourselves, Lewis remains standing at the head of a group of men about forty-five years old, a member of what might be called the Centre Party, a follower of the school of Mencken, who founded the *American Mercury* shortly after the War as a reaction against European influence. He is a citizen of a new country and wants to be sufficient to himself. The Monroe Doctrine is being extended to include the conquest of literature.

Dodsworth is an exception in the work of Lewis. 'I shall never write another novel in a European setting,' he wrote to me a short time ago. He feels that it is not playing the game to go outside the limits of his country for a solution of the problems that are threatening not only the soul of the upper class but the soul of the entire nation. Sinclair Lewis is no deserter. He is staying at home to help America win her final liberties.

Post-War America is becoming more human. It is thirsty for religious tolerance, moral freedom, sexual frankness, diffusion of the arts, and respect for the other fellow. It no longer aspires to be the world's biggest, but the world's best. It is seeking to find a balance between the necessary constraints of society and the rise of the individual. Sinclair Lewis is aiding with all his strength and his characters do likewise but fail. Babbitt is broken; he is a modest business man, not big enough to struggle against the sacred institutions to which the American has sold his soul in order to enjoy peace and prosperity. His defeat, which is described with the power, the admirable good sense and humor of a great writer, is the defeat of a whole people. That is why the book has produced such a profound upheaval in America and why it has enjoyed such a lasting success. This is the spirit in which we should read it if we wish to understand it and to be moved by what it has to say.

America in Cuba

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES that have been troubling President Machado of Cuba during the past few months are explained in the following note from the *Repertorio Americano*, a Spanish-language paper published in Costa Rica:—

The Cuban Republic was born with its wings already cut, for it lay under the powerful shadow of the United States. Its most insignificant political and economic decisions had to be made with Washington's consent, and the incapable and dishonest politicians who have generally divided up the public spoils in Cuba have always observed the rule of coming to a quick understanding with the North. At times Cuban politics have merely consisted in a frenzied race to see who could first pour his story into American ears. In the last few months the situation has been considerably aggravated, for Cuba is governed by a virtual dictator, which in a Spanish-American country means that one omnipotent man rules over a terrified, impoverished mass.

The supreme power, the United States or, in other words, Wall Street, can end the dictatorship in Havana. A single gesture of the Yankee and President Machado would start on his downward course. A note from the State Department at Washington would be enough to restore the opposition press, make the university a centre of free discussion, and reëstablish the right of Cuban workers to be treated like human beings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The King's English in Peril

THE DANGER THAT THE King's English will be infected by the vulgar Americanisms of the talking picture has caused some little consternation in Great Britain, but Sir Israel Gollancz (a fine old Saxon name if there ever was one!) expresses no alarm whatever. Perhaps his professorship in English language and literature at the University of London has inoculated him against some of the atrocities of cockney speech and accounts for his bland assumption that the spoken language of the average British movie addict is not susceptible of corruption:—

> The first point to be considered is that America herself is the 'galled jade,' and that so far 'our withers are unwrung.' Two years ago, at the request of representative American scholars, a conference, over which the Earl of Balfour presided, was held in London with the object of discovering a means whereby the English language might be preserved from the barbarisms which threaten its very existence in America.
>
> Our American friends made it clear that they had no desire to hinder the natural development of speech or the differentiation of dialects in their country. They confessed, however, that the fear which confronted them, appalling as a nightmare, was of a cleavage between the English spoken in America and the standard speech in this country. That is a fear which appears to be entirely justified, but it concerns America, and not us.
>
> An executive committee was formed, of which I was made a member, but our American friends have so far been backward in making themselves heard, and little or nothing appears to have been done. There is very real and grave danger in the situation, and cultured Americans feel greatly concerned about it. From all ends of the earth fresh barbarisms are pouring into the country. The English language in America is like the herd of Gadarene swine, but we may hope that it may not altogether annihilate itself. I still have a belief that the London Conference will prove not to have been in vain.

Europeanizing America

HENRY DE JOUVENEL, editor of the *Revue des Vivants*, former editor of *Le Matin*, and one of the French representatives at Geneva, has cheerful views on the subject of American and European relations. He advocates a federated Europe, not a United States of Europe, as the one certain means of assuring Continental solidarity:—

> Europe is obviously interested in making it as easy as possible for Germany to pay her debts, for every difficulty Germany encounters would have its repercussions on ourselves. We shall see in the future a state of financial solidarity establishing itself. America will become Europe's creditor and Europe will profit. Everything is heading in that direction. Is it, for instance, possible to combat the American tariff unless the nations of Europe present a solid front? If America is faced by a divided Europe force of circumstance will tempt her to establish a kind of hegemony. If, on the other hand, she faces a united Europe it will be to her interest to come to some understanding.

But even if America prevails things will not be so bad:—

> If the United States became master of Europe I do not believe that we should need to fear that European culture would decline at all. Whatever happens, Europe will impose its intellectual civilization more and more effectively. Our culture has penetrated America, where it has every chance of flourishing. Americans are buying our pictures and they stand looking at them for a year. When they come back to visit us don't you think this contemplation will have rendered them more refined? Formerly we could sell them anything, but now this is impossible. They have become connoisseurs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

I can tell you that the result of trying to present war to the public as you might push the dirt end only of a stick under a man's nose and pretend that was the stick, the whole stick, and nothing but the stick—the result of this is, ethically speaking, so great a failure already that our younger generation are in danger of becoming Jingoes.—*General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commander of British Expeditionary Force to the Mediterranean, 1915.*

Walter Rathenau's opinion is not yet sufficiently recognized: 'Not armaments, but moral, intellectual, and economic forces are the decisive factors in international politics.' The decisive blow in this struggle will not be struck by the League of Nations or by the various national governments, but by the people themselves. If the cause of disarmament is to be won the people must desire it and be willing to fight for it to the bitter end.—*Count von Bernstorff, German representative on the League's Preparatory Commission for Disarmament.*

I am not one of those who have a great deal of hope in the League of Nations, the Naval Conference, and all those sorts of things.

Without disparaging them—for they are all doing their best—we must remember that there are a tremendous lot of people in this world who like to pick a quarrel, not with their enemies but with their friends.

You have only to get intimate enough with them for them to pick a quarrel, and that is what I am afraid will happen when we get the League of Nations running smoothly and are intimate friends with all the foreign nations.—*Earl of Harewood, father of Viscount Lascelles and father-in-law of Princess Mary.*

Consider this Europe. Everywhere Europe strives for peace, because we all need it. Nowhere is there money, and without money there can be no war. We are beginning to realize in Europe that we could get along without war. That does not mean that we must become weaklings. If I must defend myself, I shall defend myself with all my energy. —*President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia.*

Over eleven years have now elapsed since the termination of hostilities, and, except when in the company of other fellows who went through the mill, it is not the custom of those who are conscious of having done their bit to relate either to the older or the younger generation their War-time experiences. It simply isn't 'done.'—*G. F. Sadler, former Captain in the Royal Field Artillery.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED